B. M.

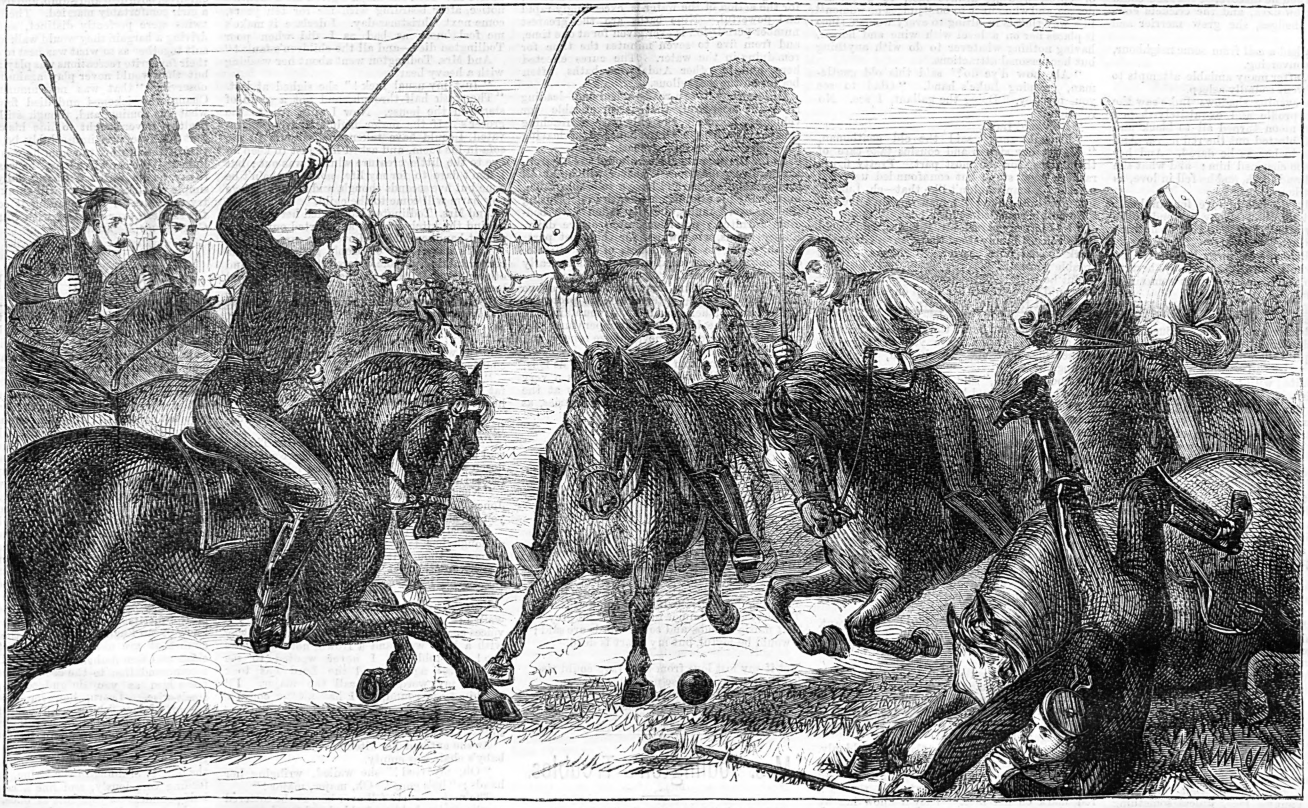
THE LONDON
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY:
A Family Journal of News, Tales, History, Art, &c.
PUBLISHED BY W. E. GOULDEN. AT THE OFFICE. 271. HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON W.C.

Published Weekly. SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1874. *Price One Penny.*

Polo at Hurlingham.

Between trap pigeon-shooting and polo as aristocratic amusements there is not much in common, but the latter, we observe with satisfaction, bids fair to supersede the former on the classic grounds of Hurlingham. In point of manliness, skill, and exciting spectacular effect, there can be no comparison as regards the two sports, and the presence of Royalty at a recent imauguration match may be taken as an indication that hockey on horseback is to be under distinguished patronage.

The game of polo is played with a wooden ball, which is propelled by bamboo sticks with a crook at the end, the object being, as in hockey, to drive the ball to the goal-post at either terminus of the ground, which at Hurlingham is four hundred yards long. The commencement is made by the umpire riding to the centre of the ground, and tossing up the ball. The solid earth then shakes under the tread of advancing horses, as in the olden tournaments so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott. An enthusiastic admirer of the game of polo thinks that the grounds at Hurlingham are peculiarly adapted for this kind of entertainments. "The Club House," he says, "with its fine old-fashioned garden and noble trees, its river-side walks, its conservatories and rose avenues, its paddocks and orchards, and wilderness and plantations, have natural attractions for all who would vary their London season life with the sight of lawn and meadow, shady trees and flowing river." It was impossible for our artist to include all these amenities in his lively picture of the game, but he has succeeded in producing an illustration which gives a good idea of the late encounter between competitors selected from the Royal Horse Guards and the 1st Life Guards.



POLO AT HURLINGHAM.

The Bashful Lover.

The bashful lover, who figures in one of this week's illustrations, has no apparent cause to feel ashamed of himself. He is handsomely dressed from the top of his rolling wig to his shoebuckles; he has ruffled wrists and a sword by his side; he has a goodly presence and an agreeable face; he has mixed all his days in the best society, and his manners, we may feel sure, are in keeping with his mien. Nevertheless, he is evidently ill at ease. He has a choice bouquet to present to the lady of his love, but the compliment he meant to accompany it has stumbled on the threshold of his lips, and in a sudden access of nervous trepidation he is unconsciously picking out of the fragrant gift some of its sweetest flowers. Though the lady sympathises with his embarrassment, it is doubtful if her modesty will permit her to say anything to help her bashful lover out of his difficulty until the last flower of the once beautiful bouquet has fallen through his fingers to the floor. The artist has admirably caught in both the expression of face suitable to the situation, and has succeeded in depicting an attractive scene in high-class comedy.

An Interment at Barcelona.

The cemetery of Barcelona, as the illustration on another page may serve to indicate, is a veritable City of the Dead. Within its precincts not a tree, not a flower, not a single blade of grass can be seen. Everywhere it is marble or stone that meets the eye. Parallel walls, high and thick, with roadways or passages between, are fashioned into compartments, which rise above each other in regular rows, and present the curious appearance of a Roman *columbarium.* Into these compartments, as shown in the engraving, the bodies of the dead, enclosed in coffins, are conveyed. After an interment has taken place the bricklayers connected with the cemetery close the aperture with some bricks and a little plaster. On the stones of white marble, which close in the tombs of the rich, bas-reliefs are engraved together with the names of the deceased. The cells for sepulture are sold to purchasers, and when, after a certain lapse of time, the money is not paid up, the common practice is to carry the entombed body to an enclosure called *Zangas,* where it is cast into a pit and burned. Spain, in regard to cremation, is thus in advance of the other countries of Europe. In our illustration of an interment, the contrast is great between the demonstrative grief of the mourners and the callous indifference of the cemetery bricklayer, who is coolly smoking his pipe.

John Bunyan.

On the occasion of the unveiling at Bedford of the statue of John Bunyan, which took place on the 10th inst., the Dean of Westminster, who spoke at a meeting in the Corn Exchange, referred to the fact that two hundred years had elapsed since the "immortal tinker" had resolved on what seemed to him the great venture of publishing the "Pilgrim's Progress." During these two centuries Bunyan has needed no other monument than his own charming work, which is the delight alike of childhood and old age, and it was not because his readers were growing fewer or the affection for his memory growing less, that it was deemed necessary now to erect a statue in his honour in the town of Bedford, where he lay twelve years in gaol, and where he dreamed his wondrous dream. Still, though there is no danger of Bunyan being forgotten while the world endures, it was only meet that a bronze memorial of him should be erected in the town so intimately associated with his name, and its inhabitants have acted rightly in showing their warm appreciation of the gift of the Duke of Bedford.

The attractions of the "Pilgrim's Progress" are so many and so great that many of its readers, we fear, are in the habit of skipping the introductory biographical sketch which generally accompanies the work. And yet the life of John Bunyan, whose lot was cast in troublous times, is eminently worth reading, more especially when we consider that a number of its leading incidents reappeared, in another and higher form, on the pages of his great parable-poem. The circumstance that the scenes and surroundings of his outward life vividly and strongly impressed his wonderful creative mind must help to imbue with additional interest accurate engravings of his birthplace at Elstow, the gaol at Bedford, and the chapel in London, where he preached with the fervour of an earnest believer. The Dean of Westminster, besides observing that the words "certain place" and "den" in the memorable opening sentence of the "Pilgrim's Progress," referred to Bedford and Bedford Gaol, likewise thought that it was probably in London Bunyan had got his notion of Vanity Fair, and that from his journey to Canterbury it was probable he had derived his idea of the Delectable Mountains. However, this may be, it is certain that a knowledge of the incidents in his eventful life will help to deepen and sustain the kindly interest which all men feel in the works of "the Tinker of Elstow."

Capture of a Bold Bandit.

The following account of the capture, with two of his gang, of Tiburcio Vasquez, the noted native robber and murderer, who, for the past seventeen years, has divided his time between plundering the people of Monterey, Fresno, Tulare, Santa Clara, Los Angeles, and other southern counties of this State, serving terms in and escaping from the State prison, and evading the pursuit of justice, is given by a correspondent of the *New York World.* Although for several months past a number of sheriffs' parties have been in pursuit of Vasquez and his followers, he had always managed, owing to the sympathy of the Mexican population of the section in which his haunts were situated, to escape from his pursuers.

Acting on information received that Vasquez could be found at the house of a Mexican known as "Greek George," in Cahnengo Canyon, about fifteen miles from Los Angeles, Johnson's party last Thursday left Los Angeles secretly for the house of "Greek George." At about ten o'clock they reached the house, which is surrounded by a dense and intricate thicket of mustard about six feet in height. Vasquez, unarmed, was eating his dinner when the attack was made. The house was quietly surrounded by the party and the door of the room in which Vasquez was sitting was burst in. Vasquez with a single leap jumped through an open window eighteen inches square, lighting on his feet, and with a bound attempted to reach his horse which was staked near by. Several shots were fired at him, however, and he was brought down, wounded by a rifle ball and buckshot in the head, the leg, in each arm, and in the thumb. None of the wounds are thought to be fatal. When surrounded he bore himself, although he thought himself mortally wounded, with wonderful coolness. He was smiling and very gentlemanly in his manner. Two of his gang were captured with him, and they were taken to Los Angeles and lodged in jail. An intense excitement was produced in that town by the news of the arrival of the noted desperado who had at last fallen into the hands of justice.

Vasquez's career since 1857 has been one of constant robberies. He was born in Monterey of worthless parents, although he himself was a lad of intelligence. Previous to 1870 he had served three terms in the State prison. After his discharge in that year he began his plunderings, assisted as he was by a man named Chavis, his lieutenant, and a dozen others. He was the ally and companion of such notorious bandits as Precopio, Juan Soto, and other famous robbers of this State. The worst crime in the calendar of Vasquez was committed on the 26th of last August. With seven men he rode to the store of a man named Snyder, situated at Tres Pino, twelve miles from Hollister, and while his followers were robbing the store, after having pinioned its inmates, he murdered three men—Davidson, a hotel-proprietor, a Portuguese, and Redford, a teamster. In the latter days of last December he captured, with eleven of his men, the village of Kingston, in Fresno County, and robbed the villagers of 2000 dols. On February 26, accompanied by one man, he robbed a stage station in Inyo County, then robbed the four passengers who came up in the stage, and afterwards plundered two teamsters who happened to come along. His latest crime, and that which raised the last hue and cry against him, was committed on April 16. With four men he invaded the house of a rich Italian sheep-owner, named Reppeto, living about six miles from Los Angeles, robbed him of 80 dols. and compelled him to send his son to Los Angeles with a check on his bankers for 500 dols. Having obtained this money the gang decamped, hotly pursued by officers. According to Governor Booth's proclamation 8000 dols. go to the captors of Vasquez.

Murders in India.

Kaira, says the *Times of India,* of the 9th inst., is justly called by the inhabitants of Goozerat the principal haunt of murderers and robbers. Not many days have passed since a number of murders were committed in this zilla. One of the murders was committed by a Srawuk Bania, who, as a rule, are averse to destroying life. The scene was a village belonging to the Gaekwar, in the Petlad pergunna. In the village is a Srawuk temple, where last week a number of Srawuks had assembled to perform certain religious ceremonies. There was to be a grand procession on the next day, and amongst those who were engaged in making preparations one Veerchund Khooshal was the most conspicous. This Khooshal, a young man of about 20, had on his person gold ornaments worth about 1200 rupees, which excited the cupidity of another person named Tarachund, who resolved to possess himself of the valuables. He went up to Khooshal, and took him to his house on promise of supplying him with a horse for the procession. The unfortunate man fell into the snare. Tarachund administered bhang to his victim, and when the latter became utterly senseless, tied up his hands and feet and gagged his mouth. Having satisfied himself that all was right and the coast clear, he took up a hatchet and severed the poor youth's head from the trunk. The managers of the procession, however, requiring the presence of Khooshal, came searching after him to the murderer's house, but finding nothing there went away, and gave information to the police. But Tarachund was not destined to escape so easily. He tied up the body in a bundle, and attempted to let it down on the road through a window. When half-way from the ground, the cord gave way, and the bundle fell to the earth with a heavy thud. This attracted some policemen to the spot. They arrested Tarachund, who is still in custody awaiting trial. The deceased was the only son of his parents.

The Mysterious Red Mark.

"Is this Mr. Conway's?"

It was a handsome young man who asked this question—a stylish fellow, with plenty of light whiskers, and the latest style of tie and collar. And the girl who had opened the door for him, in that pretty country place, where the richest people were not very fashionable, was not a servant, but a young lady—Mr. Conway's only daughter herself.

"What a pretty little soul!" he thought.

Then, as she turned her head, he wondered for a moment whether somebody had just slapped her on the left cheek, there was such a singular mark there, exactly like the scarlet print of a palm and four fingers.

But that mark had been there all Fanny Conway's life, and it was her one grief, her perpetual tease and torment. She had grown morbid about it in these early days of womanhood, and would willingly have been flayed alive to be rid of it. But there were no cosmetics and no arts of surgery that could remove it.

There the red slap must be as long as she breathed, its hateful scarlet attracting the first glance of every stranger.

"Mr. Conway at home?" said Luke Robbins, with a bow.

"Yes," said Fanny.

Then she ushered Mr. Robbins into the parlour, and went away; and in a few moments the mill owner sauntered in.

It was a business call, though made not exactly in a business-like way. There had been some delay of a train, and the factory was closed when Mr. Robbins reached Mill Hollow; but those few words about goods were easily said, and the confidential clerk of the Liverpool firm of Rink and Hawley knew that the manufacturer was a man of strict integrity. The business was easily completed, and then Luke Robbins rose to depart.

"But you're put out of your reckoning by this delay," said the old gentleman, "and the hotel is a long way off, and I should be pleased to have you stay over night with us. The wife always has one or two spare bedrooms, and supper will be ready in fifteen minutes. Let us have the pleasure of your company."

"Thanks," said Luke Robbins. "You are very kind. I feel tempted."

Then he thought of the pretty face with the red slap upon the cheek. Despite that slap, he wanted to see it again.

It sat opposite to him at supper time.

"The best and kindest face in the world," he said to himself a dozen times. And he did his best to win a little chat from the shy girl, who could not forget her tormenting mark until they sat in the twilight on the piazza afterward. Then he discovered that she could talk. As it grew dark, and the crickets chirruped in the hedges, she grew merrier and merrier.

Mrs. Conway had a call from some neighbour, and sat apart conversing.

Mr. Conway, after many amiable attempts to rouse himself, went soundly asleep.

Through the evening shadows Luke saw the girl's finely-cut profile and exquisitely-shaped head; and the moon turned all to black and white soon, and blotted out the red mark. And he sat as close to her as he dared. And her robin-sweet voice charmed him; and what she said was bright and fresh, and he fell in love, as men do, for an hour.

Men actually *do* fall in love for an hour. Women cannot do that. They pretend to be fascinated very often, but it is real or nothing with them at heart.

Poor little Fanny gave away her heart that night in one whole lump. It is always best to keep a little piece, if one can; but sometimes that is impossible.

"Oh, what a beautiful night!" said Fanny, as she stood on the porch with her mother, after the gentlemen had retired. "Such a fine breeze and such a bright moon."

"But it's quite damp," said the mother; "we'd better retire. I wonder whether your papa will be suited with to-morrow's breakfast He does ask visitors *so* unexpectedly."

Married forty and single twenty take different views of life sometimes.

Fanny went to bed to dream of Paradise; and the next day was all happy in memory of a parting pressure of the hand, and a whispered hope that they might often meet again.

"What a pity that mark is," thought young Robbins. "She's a darling little thing. And I suppose that Conway is a very rich man. A young man might do worse than be his son-in-law." Then, as the car whirled him away, he said to himself, "What a pity that mark is."

Nevertheless he went down to Mill Hollow very often after that, and he was with Fanny a great deal of the time. Fanny's mother felt that though this suitor was not rich, he was eligible; and she knew that that red mark was a disadvantage to her Fanny. Fanny's papa was an honest kindly old man, who loved his daughter dearly.

Alone together the old people spoke of the probabilities.

"He certainly means something," said mamma.

"And they could always live with us," said papa; "we need never part from our only one."

Our eyes grow used to everything after a while. Luke Robbins forgot that there was any mark on Fanny's face, unless something particularly called his attention to it. At Mill Hollow every one knew Miss Conway, and no one stared at the sweet blemished face.

He loved her very much at times, though there were long hours in which he never remembered her existence. I suppose none of us ever quite believe that the men we are fondest of work us into their bargaining and ledger keeping, as we work them into our sewing and preserving. If he only thinks of you after dark, you are a happy woman. If he takes your memory out with his dress coat and evening tie, consider yourself blessed.

Twice a week, at least, Luke thought enough of Fanny to buy her a bouquet, or some music, and to spend two hours on a dusty railway for the sake of seeing her.

He felt her love for him in her very finger tips; he saw it in her eyes; he heard it in her voice. He was a man who is happy in being beloved. And it was not old Mr. Conway's money that made him decide to offer himself to her, despite the red mark.

Yes, the next time he went to Mill Hollow he would ask Fanny to have him for better or for worse. And he knew that she would say "Yes" very well.

There are evil moments in every one's life—moments that change one's destiny for the worst! If only it had rained one morning; if only Fanny had fallen ill; if only she had not undertaken that trip to the city just when she did, this would be a different story.

She used to be shy of going into the crowded streets alone, and even when with her mother wore a black thick veil, and felt uncomfortable when anyone looked at her. But now she cared nothing for strangers' eyes. Somehow her blemished face had found favour in his. Had he not told her how sweet her eyes were? Had he not kissed her hand? Was she not sure he loved her—her most perfect of all living men? Let them stare. The prettiest girl living was not so happy.

She went smiling up to Liverpool. She made her little purchases with a light heart. And then, whiling away an hour of waiting over a strawberry tart, in a pretty restaurant, she saw Luke Robbins—yes, really Luke himself coming to meet her!

"Looks as if some one had slapped her in the face," said a giggling girl's voice.

And he turned his head as he sat at a table, and saw her, and went to her at once.

"Oh, I'm so glad to meet you," said Fanny. "I suppose I ought to start at once."

"And I'll go with you," said Luke Robbins.

He saw people stare at her as they passed down the room. Part of the staring was at the mark, part of it at the pretty face and figure. He laid it all to the mark, as she had all her life. It made him uncomfortable. But that his thoughts of her were what they were, it could not have affected him; but his future wife, as he already thought her in his heart, that was different. He grew very grave. It was a terrible blemish. In those moonlight lovers' walks in the country, he had forgotten all about it, but in bright, broad streets, how it forced itself upon him! Every one stared so.

In the 'bus which they soon stepped into, a little child opened its round eyes, and with a child's innocent impertinence, pointed its finger straight at the mark on Fanny's face, with an,

"Oh, how funny!"

Its nurse slapped the small palm at once, and turned scarlet herself, but that did not mend matters.

At the ferry there was a crowd. Luke had passed Fanny in first, and stopped to pay the fare.

"Two," said he.

"The old lady?" asked the man.

"No," said Luke.

"Oh, that one with the red scar on her face," said the man, lowering his voice. "All right."

"Confound you!" said Luke, in a rage.

But the man had meant no rudeness, nor had Fanny heard him; but Luke was excited, confused, agitated. He hardly knew why then.

They crossed the ferry together, and he spoke no word to her, nor she to him. He handed her into the railway-carriage on the Cheshire side. Then he pressed her hand.

"Good-bye, until we meet," he said, and stepped to the platform.

There stood one of those white-bearded, red-cheeked old gentleman who are always members of clubs, who are always fast, to a certain degree, and who affect to be "judges of women" in a way that is insulting to every woman, since it places her on a level with wine and horses, having nothing whatever to do with anything but her personal attractions.

"Ah, how d'ye do?" said this old gentleman, grasping Luke's hand. "Glad to see you, my boy. Doing the gallant, I see. No relation?"

"No," said Luke.

"Thought not," said the old gentleman, "We let our sisters and cousins take care of themselves, for the most part. Pretty figure rather; good step; but counfounded ugly red mark. A man wouldn't like that—eh, Luke?"

"No," said Luke; "a man wouldn't like it."

Something rustled at his elbow.

"I—I left my parcel, Mr. Robbins, said a cold little voice. Fanny stood there, so pale that the mark looked pure scarlet. "Thanks. Don't trouble yourself."

But he went back to the carriage with her, and he would have pressed her hand once more, only she kept it from him somehow.

She had heard his speech. "A man wouldn't like it." She had heard the speech that caused his answer. And I leave you to judge, remembering how she loved him, what her feelings were.

"She heard me," said Luke to himself. "She heard him—confound him."

And as he looked after the flying train, two tears came into his eyes. Suddenly he felt that he loved Fanny Conway from his soul—that this cowardly sort of trouble that the remarks and glances of strangers had caused him would never make him ashamed of himself again.

"Fanny, my darling," he said to himself—"Fanny, my love, your face is dearer to me for its blemish, and you shall know it before I sleep. You should, were you a beggar. I'll hide it from the world's cold eyes on my bosom, darling; and I'll love you all the more for it." And but for the place in which he stood, he would have sobbed aloud in his agitation.

He took the next train to Mill Hollow. He walked up the garden path in the twilight. He asked for Miss Fanny.

"She hasn't come in yet," said the servant. "They are so frightened about her—master and missus—but I tell 'em she'll turn up all right."

Luke's heart stood still. A presentiment of evil filled his mind. He had seen Fanny into the carriage, and the train stopped within sight of her father's door. So, in the gathering darkness, two anxious men went down to the station, hoping against hope.

"She stepped out on the platform suddenly. Either she was bewildered, or she did it on purpose. We were going full speed. She had a blue dress and a white hat, and there's a red mark on her face. They'll know her by that."

That was the conductor's story. That was the story that Luke and Fanny's father heard at last.

Did she step out on purpose, or was she "bewildered?" God only knows—no living being. Luke tried to believe that what she had heard him say had had nothing to do with it. But it was too late now to tell her what he felt—too late to hide her sweet face in his heart. He could only stoop over her, as she lay in her coffin, and press the last kiss his lips ever offered to any woman upon the cold cheek that, even in the death hour, bore still upon it that fatal red mark.

An Aged Couple—In the list of marriages in the "European Magazine" for July, 1814, is the following notice: "Lately, at Glasgow, Mr. H. Cain, aged eighty-four, to Mrs. Maxwell, of Clark's-bridge, aged ninety-six. It is the sixth time for the bridegroom, and the ninth time of the bride being joined in wedlock." This aged couple evidently believed that it is not good for man to be alone—or woman either!—*Notes and Queries.*

A writer in "Science Gossip," gives a remarkable instance of the tenacity of life possessed by bats. He states that having caught one of these animals, it was first kept immersed in spirits of wine for about two hours, and then laid away in a drawer, wrapped up in a handkerchief. Three weeks afterward, on unfolding the handkerchief, he was amazed to see the bat take wing and escape.

A Spanish Watering-Place.

The bathing-season in the various Spanish watering-places begins about the middle of May, and last till toward the end of September.

The most noted summer resort in Andalusia is Lanjaron, in the Alpujarras, which is called, and not without reason, perhaps, the paradise of the Granadians. Lanjaron is a small town, and lies in a high mountain-chain, on a long, narrow, rocky ledge, which is wide enough for only two rows of houses. In the rear, extending high up in the mountain, we see orange, almond fig, and chestnut orchards; on one side we have, in full view, the eternal snows of the Sierra Nevada, while in the foreground, a long distance away, between two mountain-spurs, the Mediterranean is distinctly visible. In the neighbourhood round about, wherever there is a bit of soil, among the reddish marble rocks, the yield of corn and wheat is very abundant. Indeed, the vegetation around Lanjaron seems to vie in richness with the mineral springs, which are very varied in their chemical properties. As, however, chemistry, in Spain, is still in swaddling-clothes, none of the Lanjaron waters have been carefully analysed. There are six springs, quite near together, the waters of which are decidedly different in taste. Between the water of one of them and Seltzer-water there is no perceptible difference; and yet, although the Spaniards import the German water in considerable quantities, they have never had the energy to put their own into the market. They choose rather to bring from abroad what they have in great abundance at home. In fact, no European country is richer in mineral waters than Spain. Not all the waters of Lanjaron are used for medical purposes; partly because not all the springs have the necessary conveniences, and partly because the physicians are very careful, timid even, in making use of the more powerful of them.

The principal spring used for bathing is very highly charged with iron. It is situated some distance up the mountain, and the water is conducted, by means of miserable wooden pipes, down to the bath-house, which is more like a hut than a house. Here it yields a stream, about three inches in diameter, of quite warm, reddish water. But, although Lanjaron is the most popular watering-place in Andalusia, there are only two bath tubs in the hut—one for men and one for women—and then the room for undressing and dressing is barely sufficient.

No one is allowed to bathe without a card of permission from the physician of the place, and they are very careful not to let you remain in the water longer than the number of minutes specified on the card. This seemed to me about the only evidence of sanity and good sense the management of the establishment exhibited, for the action of the water is exceedingly rapid and powerful. Nine baths are the greatest number permission is ever given for at one time, and from five to seven minutes the time for remaining in the water. The cures effected here, and in other Andalusian baths, often border on the marvellous.

Of late they have a road—a bad one—leading from the post-road, that is practicable for vehicles. Formerly the only way of reaching this paradise of the Granadians, after leaving the high-road, was on horseback.

As for the accommodations found at Lanjaron, they are very meagre. Whoever will be at all comfortably lodged, and have a tolerable table, must bring his establishment with him. During the "season" mules, heavily laden with bedding, furniture, provisions, etc., arrive daily. Empty rooms, windowless, for the most part, which, owing to the mildness of the climate, does not matter materially, are abundant nearly everywhere in Spain.

Lanjaron lies twenty-four hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean, is protected against the northern winds by a mountain, and has a very agreeable and even temperature. In summer the mercury is never above ninety, and in winter never below fifty-five.

It will be seen from this sketch, brief as it is, that life at a Spanish watering-place is a very different sort of thing from what it is at the watering-places of other European countries, as well as in America.

On the Water.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.

The silver moon hangs in the crimson west;
Gay songs are singing from each happy breast;
In the full wine-cup glows the wine, deep red;—
Can I be joyful when my heart is dead?

The little boat goes swiftly on her way;
The first stars glimmer in the twilight grey,
Soft music sounds, and softer words are said;—
I would be joyful, but my heart is dead.

Yet if my lost love from the grave could rise,
To thrill me with those unforgotten eyes,
And offer me once more the joys long fled!—
In vain! for lost is lost, and dead is dead.

Mrs. Todlington's Troubles.

"Now look here, ma'am," said Major Jessop to Mrs. Todlington, "these children have been in my room again. As sure as the world, they have! The inkstand is tipped over on the new green and black table cover, the sand-box emptied into the cigar stand, and my slipper full of crumpled papers! Ma'am, Job himself couldn't have stood this sort of thing."

Mrs. Todlington looked aghast.

"I'm very sorry, sir," said she. "I don't see how it could possibly have happened. I thought I'd kept an eye on 'em all day, but it was Saturday, you see, and they're like so many wild creatures let loose."

"Ma'am, a month's notice!" said Major Jessop, jerking out his spectacle case.

"Oh, major!" whimpered Mrs. Todlington. "After you've lodged with me ten years!"

"I wonder those children haven't been the death of me long ago!" said Major Jessop. "Flesh and blood can't endure it!"

"I've tried my best," pleaded Mrs. Todlington; "but children *will* be children, and——"

"And that's the reason I give you notice, Mrs. Todlington," said the major. "I am sorry for you, ma'am, as a widow, and a hard-working woman, but I honestly think those children are the most spoiled young brats I ever came across. You'll never let your rooms to any advantage until they learn to conduct themselves better, and so I tell you as a friend."

And Major Jessop went back to his suite of apartments, leaving Mrs. Todlington with her apron thrown over her head.

"Another window cracked," muttered he; "and the print of Josey's five dirty little fingers on my yellow satin curtains! And a bird's nest in the branch of the gas fixture. I wonder where that Billy expects to go to when he dies! And Sarah Jane's doll has been having a tea-party in the alcove," he added maliciously, as his foot crushed a miniature tea-saucer into the carpet. "Mrs. Todlington is a nice, respectful woman, cooks to a charm, and understands just how I want things done; but those young ones are simply intollerable. If they could be drowned or hung, or something of that sort, now, like blind puppies or kittens——" And Major Jessop chuckled grimly at the idea.

Meanwhile Mrs. Todlington went bewailing herself down to the kitchen, where the week's wash was yet in an embroyo state as regarded completion. The baby, a round-eyed specimen of eighteen months, with cheeks as red as if they had been varnished, and hair brushed into a perpendicular billow, or tuft, on the very apex of his head, was tied into a chair, complacently sucking the end of a bone rattle. Joe, Billy, and Sarah Ann were engaged in filling their lunch-boxes for school.

"Ma," cried Joe, "I want one o' them red apples!"

"Ma," shrieked Sarah Ann, "he's got my slice of gingerbread away!"

"An't I to have a hard-boiled egg, ma? An't I to have a hard-boiled egg?" persisted Billy, pulling at his mother's skirts. "I said my multiplication-table right. An't I to have a hard-boiled egg?"

At that instant the baby hurt its gums with a sharp angle in the bone carving, and uttered a shrill shriek; the water in the copper boiled over, and a cloud of steam rolled up from the range; the milkman knocked clamorously, with the mil-coocry peculiar to his species, and the cat knocked the pitcher off the dresser shelves. Mrs. Todlington's worn thread of patience gave way at last.

"Get out of my sight, every one of you!" she said, despairingly. "You are a set of bad, quarrelsome, good-for-nothing young reprobates, and it is quite true what poor dear Major Jessop says about you. Get out of my sight, I say, and *keep* out. I never want to see your faces again!"

The three children, half aggrieved and half conscience-stricken, slunk away to school; the baby, pacified with having the end of his rattle steeped in sugar, left off crying; the milkman brought in the milk, and Mrs. Todlington lifted the boiler off, and picked up the broken bits of china with tears in her faded blue eyes.

"It's enough to drive a poor woman raving distracted, so it is," said she. "I declare I've 'most a mind to give up sometimes. I could get along so nice and quiet if I hadn't any children. The wise man in Scripture calls 'em a heritage from the Lord, but I fancy he was rich, and could afford to keep a batch o' nurses. Dear, dear! the world's a hard place to live in! And the major's given me a month's notice, after boarding with me for ten years, come next Christmas-day. I declare it make's me feel 'most as bad as I did when poor Todlington died—and all the children's fault!"

And Mrs. Todlington went about her washing with a heavy heart.

"Just my usual luck!" she sighed at last. "The wash half through, and not a grain of starch in the house. Now I *must* run to the grocer's. If the major hadn't been so aggravated, I could have taken the baby up to the sofa in his room, and asked him just to keep an eye to the little creature while I was out; but I don't dare to for my life, *now.* I sha'n't be gone but five seconds though, and I don't believe any harm will come to the child."

And Mrs. Todlington barricaded her youngest behind the kitchen table, and darted out with a pocket-handkerchief tied over her ears.

There was a knot of people gathered at the corner talking, as she entered the grocery, and others stood leaning around on the boxes and barrels.

"I hope your children wasn't among them as was hurt, Mrs. Todlington," observed the grocer, as he tied up her packet of starch.

"Hurt? No. Why should they be hurt?" said the widow, laying down her pennies on the counter.

"Bless my soul!" said the grocer, who was a fat, kindly-natured soul. "I don't believe she's heard of it."

"Heard of what?" feebly gasped Mrs. Todlington.

"There's been an accident at Number Three." said a hoarse-voice man, "and there's all of a dozen young 'uns killed. Stairs fell down at recess time."

"Needn't to ha' told her quite so sudden, Jones," said the grocer reproachfully. "Don't you see she's faintin'?"

But Mrs. Todlington was not fainting, although her face was as utterly devoid of colour as though it had been moulded in the worthy grocer's best tallow. She darted down the street, moaning softly, and wringing her hands.

"They're dead; they're dead and gone!" she wailed; "and I shall never hear their sweet little voices again; and only to think I sent 'em away with a hard word and a frown, not two hours ago! I told 'em I never wanted to see their faces again; and the Lord has took me at my word! I'll call the major. I'll ask him to go round, for I haven't the courage nor the strength myself. Oh, my children! my children! to think that I sent 'em away so!"

As she entered her kitchen, she saw that the baby's chair was empty.

"Oh, my God!" she wailed, wringing her hands; "he's gone! Oh, major, major!"

The major nearly fell over her, as she tottered up the stairs, holding feebly by the rail.

"What's the matter, ma'am?" breathlessly demanded the old gentleman. "House on fire? No matter, it's insured."

"The children, major! the children!" gasped Mrs. Todlington. "There's been an accident in the school-house, and—and——"

"Not *dead!*"

Mrs. Todlington answered only by a burst of tears and sobs.

The major caught his hat from the pegs, his face as pale as the mother's own.

"I'll go round and see. Pray heaven it's nothing serious," he stuttered. "Reports are always exaggerated. I dare—dare say they're all safe and sound. I—I'll go and see. Dear little Billy! and he was only eight years old yesterday. And Sarah Ann, that I taught to say the 'Beggar's Petition' without missing a word from beginning to end! And Joe, that could put on my slippers and spectacles, and laugh so you couldn't tell him from me myself! They're not dead! they *can't* be dead, you see! But I'll go round, just to set your mind at rest, Mrs. Todlington. Bless your heart! of course, ma'am, it's all right."

And away hurried Major Jessop, with his hat thrust on wrong side before, and the scarlet skirts of his dressing-gown hanging six good inches below his overcoat, making him look not unlike a gorgeous cockatoo escaped from its cage.

As Mrs. Todlington stared vacantly after him, Betsy Sloper, her next neighbour, came in with the identical baby in her arms.

"Now look here, Sally Todlington," said she, "the next time you go to market and leave poor little Jimmy all alone so, I'll *never* bring him back. Why, any one might ha' kidnapped him, poor, dear, blessed darling!"

"Ma! ma!" screamed Joe. "The major says he'll take us to the park on Saturday."

"Ma!" interposed Billy; "we was on the stairs, but we didn't get hurt. Jack Jobson is killed, Jack is! The major says he'll buy me a squirrel in a tin cage."

"Oh, major, how can I ever thank you?" sobbed Mrs. Todlington.

"Don't say a word, ma'am," responded Major Jessop, "but get right down on your knees and thank God for His mercies. And—I say, ma'am, of course you'll pay no attention to my little joke this morning about giving a month's notice. Bless my heart, I belong in your second floor front now, and I'm sure I don't know what I should ever do without the children!"

And Mrs. Todlington kept her lodger.

And clasping the restored treasure in her arms, Mrs. Todlington sobbed out her grief to the friendly ear of Miss Sloper.

"And I—I told 'em never to show their faces to me again!" she wept.

"That was a foolish thing to say, sure enough," said Betsy; "but, dear heart, the good Lord don't always take us at our word. Hope for the best till you know the worst; that's my motto. And here comes the major now."

Sure enough, the major was visible from the window, hatless and eager, with his scarlet skirts streaming meteor fashion behind him, Sarah Ann in his arms, and the two boys following, their arms laden with toys, sugar-plums, and picture books.

Chang and Eng.

The lives of Chang and Eng, the Siamese twins, have yet to be written; but in the meantime Dr. Hollingsworth, sometime their medical attendant, has communicated a few new and interesting particulars relating to his patients. It appears that up to within the last eight years of their lives the brothers did not live in a state of perfect amity, and just before the war broke out they "took each other" to Dr. Hollingsworth, and jointly demanded a separation. Eng, who is described as having the better disposition of the twain, roundly declared that he could not live any longer with his brother, and Chang was quite content that they should part. But "their business agent" naturally objected, and his arguments, taken in connection with the difficulties raised by the doctor, overcame their resolution. Their wives were sisters, born in North Carolina, "uneducated, but naturally intelligent." They had two children, both deaf and dumb, and lived to see one, a girl, comfortably married. The brains of the twins were perfectly distinct, and "often in driving a bargain they would walk aside and consult together as to what was best to do." One of their favourite recreations was playing draughts; but they would never play against each other, observing "that was not amusing." It was Chang who sickened and died first. Eng saw what was coming, and, though still strong and healthy, never sought to hide his consciousness that his fate was indissolubly bound up with that of the brother to whom he was so strangely linked. "We can't live long," he was accustomed to say, as he watched Chang daily sinking—a simple remark, but if we will think it over, and try to realise all the meaning it covers, one of the saddest ever moaned with human voice.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Fly-fishing in the Thames.

Fly-fishing in the Thames, though the favourite pursuit of a few, is a fascinating and not an unremunerative method of dealing with the river. This year the fly is doing great execution amongst the trout compared with previous years. Fly-fishing in the Thames for trout alone, however, is not worth the time and trouble it involves. Dace and chub rise freely, and in the very hot evenings of July and August roach may be included. The fly-fisher is independent of the punt and the fisherman. A hired boat with a friend to manage it answers every purpose. Or an evening's moderate sport may be enjoyed from the bank if you understand where to go. I have seen a boatman's boy below Ham-lane at Richmond with a peeled willow wand, a length of twine, and a small black gnat begged from some passing possessor of a fly-book, whip out dace with every cast. The Thames dace never runs large—four to a pound being perhaps under rather than above the average size. He is a game, handsome little fellow, and not to be despised as a table delicacy. We English, of course, are perfect barbarians in our ignorance of the merits of our own fresh-water fish; I know of no English fishes but the barbel and chub that are not fit for food. The dace is clean and firm fleshed, but his smallness is not a recommendation to the cook, since you cannot treat him as you do gudgeon, and eat him smelt-wise. Learn, however, how to master the art of dace-fishing with your fly rod, and you have graduated to a full trout degree. Indeed, a quicker eye and lighter wrist are necessary for dace. The thing must be done on the instant if at all. Should you, as I have had the felicity of doing in the Colne, catch the fish feeding voraciously, and fine a couple of bold half-pounders on your line at once, you may be ready to admit that, in the absence of trout, dace are not beneath an experienced man's notice.

Beginning at Ham-lane, and whipping your way to Teddington, taking care always to secure the tide on its low ebb, is good fun, wind and weather permitting. And the best plan is to use a short line, and, where the shallows cease, fish close under the bank. The natives—men in fustian and smocks—with the rudest of tackle, generally fish down the stream, casting with the left hand; and it is no uncommon thing to see them walk home with a pocket-handkerchief filled with fish that will make an ample and toothsome meal for their family. Chub take a large fly well in the Thames, and the easiest road to their good graces is this: let your boat drift quietly with the stream—the slower the better—about a dozen yards from the bushes under which the chub are known to congregate, and parallel with the bank. Use a large black or red palmer; drop him upon the boughs, and thence seductively into the water; and it will warm your heart to feel how heartily the lumbering chevens rush to their destruction. Beware of the first bolt. Here, as everywhere else, it is the pace that kills. "Let him go"—that is always serviceable advice for an angler, although, in this instance, I must add a reservation. Let the chub *not* go into the bank or under the roots of a tree; should he accomplish that, invariably his first impulse, the chances are fifty-two and a quarter to one in his favour. The chub, nevertheless, is a chicken-hearted brute. He soon gives up the fight, and comes in, log-like, without a grumble.—*Red Spinner's "Waterside Sketches."*

News Miscellany.

A Bold Ruffian.—Time was (says the *Birmingham Mail*) when the boldest ruffian respected the sanctuary, and those who sought its protection were generally free for the time from the molestations of their enemies. It is not so now. A meeting in the Oxford-street Welsh Wesleyan Chapel was disturbed by the sudden entrance of a terrified woman, followed by a drunken husband. The brute chased her round the aisle and struck her a heavy blow in the side, in the very presence of the meeting, and under the nose of the mayor who was presiding. Not even in the sanctuary could the poor woman find refuge from her brutal husband.

German Jesuits.—It is said by the *Treves Gazette* that the German Government have demanded the expulsion from Luxemburg territory of those Jesuits who have taken up their residence in that duchy after having been expelled from Prussia. Ducal Government is said to have declined compliance with this request, because after enquiry made it could not be ascertained that the persons in question were carrying on agitations hostile to Germany.

Extraordinary Scene at Lincoln.—At a performance given by Morris Edmonson's Variety Company at the Masonic Hall, Lincoln, a scene which very nearly had a tragic issue was witnessed. During the course of the evening's entertainment Dr. Redmondi, the self-styled wonder-worker of modern miracles, introduced several of his marvellous feats, amongst others the mysterious sack and box trick. The doctor in this feat is handcuffed by a gentleman from the audience, with both hands at back, placed in a large canvas bag, and then lifted into a box. The box is then put into a cabinet, and in a few minutes the doctor is supposed to be extricated and found sitting on the top of the box, and this without the intervention of anyone. On the evening in question a joiner, named Basker, stepped upon the platform and performed the duty of fastening the cords. All being ready, the box was, as usual, lifted into the cabinet, and the orchestra commenced playing an overture. The audience patiently waited for the doctor making his wonted appearance, but as he was rather longer than usual great uneasiness was manifested. An assistant, therefore, enquired if all was right, and received an answer in the affirmative. Fifteen minutes had now elapsed, and the doctor was heard faintly calling for assistance. The box was immediately opened, and the poor fellow was discovered completely exhausted and covered with blood. A more pitiful sight could not be imagined, as Redmondi was nearly dead, and blood was observed gushing out of his eyes and nose. The greatest excitement prevailed. A medical gentleman, who was fortunately present, at once attended to Redmondi, and had him conveyed into an ante-room. The manager afterwards appeared upon the platform and announced that it was a most cowardly act on the part of the man who secured the box, as he must have known something about the working of the feat, notwithstanding the challenge of £100 to any person who could secure the box and solve the mystery.

Making a Target of "Big Bob."—A member of the artillery volunteers at Rye seems, according to the account given by the *Hastings and St. Leonards Chronicle*, to have had, the other day, rather a narrow escape of a glorious death. The volunteers had assembled on the beach at Rye for the purpose of ball practice from an Armstrong gun. The range was seaward, a target having been placed 900 yards distant on the full of the beach. A bombardier of the artillery, known as "Big Bob" (owing to his large size), was stationed on the full to warn the shrimpers from a too close proximity to the range. Theoretically this arrangement was admirable, but practically it nearly led to the most serious results, for the gunner, mistaking Big Bob for the target, laid the gun directly on him, nor was the error discovered until the gun was fired, when, to the relief of all present, Big Bob was seen to skip quickly on one side, and thus avoid the terrible fate that would otherwise have befallen him. The gunner, it is stated, was "quite overcome" by the thought of what might have been the result of this trifling error. It might be as well in future to ascertain before practice with an Armstrong gun, by means of a telescope or otherwise, what is and what is not the target, for even in war it is always advisable to know in what direction the guns are pointed.

The White Witch of Somerton.—Superstition still thrives in Somersetshire, which, from all we know of it, is likely to be the last shire in England to get civilised. Lucretia Jane Patchell, locally known as "the white Witch of Somerton," has been committed to gaol for six weeks, with hard labour, by the magistrates sitting at Shepton Mallet, for having obtained various sums of money by unlawful means. Several witnesses, who gave their evidence most reluctantly, were called to prove that prisoner had pretended to cure them of disease, to rid them of persons who were supposed to be overlooking them, and to prevent their enemies from destroying cattle supposed to have been bewitched.

More Fast Walking.—W. E. Harding, a pedestrian of some little repute, and a sporting reporter for several New York dailies, recently undertook for a wager of 250 dols. a side to walk from the corner of Thirty-eighth-street and Fifth-avenue to the Jerome-park Club-house, and to beat the time made by Mr. Bennett over the same course by fifteen minutes. The *World* says Mr. Bennett walked the distance in 1 hour 46 minutes and 55 seconds. Since the match was made considerable interest has been manifested in it, it being generally conceded that Harding could not beat Mr. Bennett's time fifteen minutes by fair heel and toe walking. Those who backed "time" consequently had the best of the bargain, and as Mr. Harding failed to perform the feat by seven minutes and seven seconds they landed their money. The time fixed to walk in was 1 hour 31 minutes and 55 seconds. Harding's time was 1 hour 39 minutes and 2 seconds, from which had to be deducted 1 minute and 30 seconds—15 seconds for a delay caused by the judge's carriage getting in front of Harding, and 1 minute and 15 seconds for a delay caused by Harding stopping at the wrong gate. The total time of the walk was, therefore, 1 hour, 37 minutes, and 32 seconds.

Horrible Murders in Turin.—A Turin correspondent writes: A horrible series of murders occurred in Turin on the night of the 2nd—3rd inst. at No. 15, Via San Maurizio. A man of the name of Valesina, aged 55 years, said to be a retired captain of the army, actuated by some unknown motive, most probably by misery, but who has always borne a bad character, killed in a barbarous manner with his own hand, his wife aged 36, his son aged 15 and two daughters aged 13 and 8 years respectively. After the perpetration of the horrid deed he took to flight. A large crowd, strangely actuated by terror mingled with natural curiosity, gathered about the scene of the crime to such an extent that the utmost efforts of the authorities, seconded by a strong force, were required to restrain its fury.

Ex-Marshal Bazaine in his Island Prison.—A traveller (says the Paris correspondent of the *Times*) who has just arrived from the south of France, and who appears to have visited the island of St. Marguerite, where the ex-Marshal Bazaine is confined, gives a few interesting particulars about the prisoner's dwelling-place. Contrary to what is generally thought, the marshal is undergoing real and severe detention. He is confined within the fort and has but the terrace on which to take his walks. The rest of the island is forbidden ground to him. He has no garden at his disposal, as has been reported, with the exception of a few trees and flowers on the terrace. Madame Bazaine is with him. She may leave the fort when she pleases, so may M. Bazaine's aide-de-camp, but they need a special permission from the Minister of the Interior to re-enter the fort. Hence Madame Bazaine stays as long in the prison as possible. The view is extensive only from the terrace, whence the open sea may be discovered. There is not sufficient fresh water in the island, and a small boat which serves to communicate with the coast brings over the quantity necessary. The ex-marshal at first suffered a great deal from this scarcity of water. He was obliged to reduce his baths in order to water the flowers on the terrace. Hence the aide-de-camp had to come to Paris to ask that a more abundant supply of fresh water might be brought from the mainland, a request which was at once granted to the great joy of the prisoner. He leads a very uniform life and seems resigned to his lot. He reads much, works all the morning, is tactiturn, and avoids as much as possible showing himself. Few people have tried to see him, so far, and to all appearance he is quite a stranger to the public events which are now agitating his country. This is the tale of the traveller in question, who seems to look upon the marshal as a victim. Many English visitors to Cannes, however, who have been to the Isle St. Marguerite will remember that the terrace referred to as the limit of the prisoner's walks is a magnificent promenade 100 yards long, or thereabouts, and commanding the finest sea view in the island. If Bazaine's detention is not to be a complete mockery, greater indulgence and privileges could hardly be accorded to him than it is evident, even from the letter of his compassionate visitor, he enjoys already. A private soldier convicted of the offences of which he has been found guilty would now be dragging a chain in a penal colony.

Extraordinary Conduct of a Boy.—A respectable-looking man introduced his two children, a girl about ten and a boy nine years of age, to the magistrate at Southwark, and requested his advice under very singular circumstances. He said that for some time past he had been in great trouble owing to the conduct of the children. The boy had been in the habit of mutilating his body by pricking himself with pins; his arms, legs, and body were covered with sores. Not only that, he tore his hair out, and so pulled pieces of flesh out. When questioned about it, he said his sister told him to do it. The conduct of the girl was also very bad, as she supplied her brother with the pins. Mr. Partridge asked when they did it. The father replied after they were in bed. The girl secreted the pins and helped the boy. Mr. Partridge asked him whether he corrected his children. The applicant replied that he did, but they conducted themselves worse afterwards. He did not know what to do with them; consequently he brought them to the magistrate for his advice and assistance. Mr. Partridge called the boy forward, and asked him why he conducted himself in such a manner. The boy replied that his sister told him to do it as it would keep him away from school. Mr. Partridge asked him if there was anything the matter with his head? He replied that he felt a great deal of pain sometimes that made him rub his head, and his sister told him to pull the hair out. The girl said he asked her for pins and wanted her to prick herself with them. Mr. Partridge told the father that the conduct of the children was so strange that he recommended him to take them to the relieving officer of his parish and lay the facts before them, so that they might be examined by the medical officer as to their state of mind.

The Club of the Rejected.—We have in London a New Club, writes a correspondent. It meets in Jermyn-street twice a week, and is in its way a curiosity. Its members are gentlemen who had the honour of being at the bottom of the poll at the late general election, and, very appropriately, they have called their club the Home of the Rejected. The Home of the Rejected is as exclusive as either the Carlton or the Reform. If no discriminating constituency has sent you about your business you can't be admitted. Consequently the membership is as yet limited, but it is growing every day, and already the number of celebrities will bear favourable comparison with those of the big houses down in Pall-mall. The celebrities have a great night every Wednesday, when they meet to smoke long pipes, exchange opinions on politics, cut in pieces the political doings of the persons by whom they were beaten, moralise on the decay of electoral intelligence, and comfort each other by hopeful allusions to the next election. The Home promises to become a permanent institution, and a member has told me that to gain admission it is well worth your while to throw away your money, make a public exhibition of yourself, and get even to the bottom of the poll.

English Tipsters and French Sportsmen.—The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says: The intention of the betting tipsters to migrate to French towns (Boulogne by preference) when they shall be deprived of their immunity from trouble in Britain by Mr. Anderson's Betting Bill has been frequently mentioned, but the extent of their transactions with the Continent is less generally known. I am informed that hundreds of telegraphic messages passed between these active speculators in London and their correspondents in Paris on Wednesday morning, the bulk of them having reference to the change effected by the rain in the prospects of Derby favourites, the appearance of each horse on the eve of the race, and all the minutiæ which affect the fall and rise of the chances of the turf. It is said that in many instances better prices can be got in Paris than in London, and that multitudes of commissions are executed on the Boulevard des Italiens instead of Fleet-street, not alone on such important occasions as the Derby, but also in reference to the smaller events of the racing year.

Shocking Death of a Drunkard.—The records of achievements in the way of drinking ardent spirits always appear somewhat mythical to those who have not studied the human form as a "measure of capacity." The fourteen tumblers of whisky punch which the celebrated sportsman, Father Tom Maguire, was wont to imbibe of an evening, and the rivalry between two other priests of the "good old school" known respectively as the "three-kettle man" and the "four-kettle man," from the habitual use of those numbers of vessels to dilute their punch—wear a certain air of legend, unfavourable to literal acceptance. An examination of witnesses, however, at an inquest lately held at Hackenthorpe, near Chesterfield, has, at least, proved that Luke Needham, a journeyman patent lock-maker of that village, drank off rapidly three tumblers of gin and whisky, neat, in succession. The result was not unnatural. Needham tumbled off his stool with his head against the bars of the grate, and was wheeled in a barrow by his friends from the public-house to his own house, where he very shortly died. The whole transaction from his entering the public-house till he was brought home dying, occupied only twenty minutes. One of the witnesses stated that he had known Needham drink seventeen pints or upwards of two gallons of beer at one sitting in the forenoon. How cruel a wrong is done to sober and temperate animals who never drink anything but water, and even that in moderation, when a sot is stigmatised a "beast!"

A Novel Dining-Table.—A novel dining-table is in use in one of the palaces of the Emperor of Russia, The table is circular, and is placed on a weighted platform. At the touch of a signal, like the rub of Aladdin's lamp, down goes the table through the floor, and a new table, loaded with fresh dishes and supplies, rises in its place. But this is not all; each plate stands on a weighted disc, the table cloth being cut with circular openings, one for each plate. If a guest desires a change of plate he touches a signal at his side, when his plate disappears, and another rises. These mechanical dining-tables render the presence of servants quite superfluous.

Man and Wife Burnt for Sorcery.—The following extraordinary item of news from the city of Mexico is brought by the Cunard steamer Russia from New York: "Senor Castilla, alcalde of Jacobo, in the state of Sinaloa, has officially reported to the prefect of his district that on April 4, he arrested, tried, and burned alive Jose Maria Bonilla and his wife Diega for sorcery, it having been proved that they had bewitched one Silvestere Zacarias. The day before the execution Citizen Porras, as a final test, made Zacarias, whom they were said to have bewitched, swallow three draughts of blessed water, whereupon the latter vomited fragments of a blanket and bunches of hair."

Ancient Ruins in Arinzona.—A letter in the St. Louis *Republican* gives an account of extensive ruins, found some miles east of Florence, on the Gila river. The principal is a parallelogram fortification, 600 feet in width, by 1600 feet in length. The walls, which were built of stone, have long been overthrown, and are overgrown by trees and vines. In many places the stones have disappeared beneath the surface. Within the enclosed area are the remains of a structure 200 feet by 260 feet, constructed of roughly-hewn stones. In some cases the walls remain almost perfect to a height of some 12 feet above the surface. On the inner sides of the wall of the (supposed) palace there are yet perfectly distinct tracings of the image of the sun. There are two towers at the south-east and south-west corners of the great enclosure still standing, one of which is 26 feet and the other 31 feet high. These have evidently been much higher. A few copper implements, some golden ornaments—one being an image of the sun with a perforation in the middle—and some stone utensils, and two rudely-carved stone vases, much like those found at Zupetaro and Copan, in Central America, are all the works of art yet discovered. The ruins are situated in a small plain, elevated nearly 200 feet above the bed of the Gila. Just west of the walls of the fortification there is a beautiful stream of water having its source in the mountains, which crosses the plains, and by a series of cataracts falls into the Gila about two miles below. The fragments of pottery and polished stone reveal a condition of civilisation among the builders of these ruins analogous to that of the ancient Peruvian, Central American, and Mexican nations. The country in the vicinity is particularly wild and unusually desolate. No clue to the builders of this great fortified palace, with its towers and moat, has been discovered, but it would seem that this whole country was once peopled by a race having a higher grade of civilisatiion than is found among any of the native tribes of the later ages. But whether this race were the ancestors of the Pimos, or some extinct people, is not known. It is understood that these ruins will be thoroughly explored within the present year.

Cuban Planters Emigrating to Texas.—Cuban planters who have been driven from the island by the existing troubles are emigrating to southern Texas, where the country between the Sabine river and the Rio Grande has been found to be well suited for the culture of the sugar cane. It is probable that in time Texas may become a large producer of sugar, as there is an extensive tract of country adapted to the growth of the cane. The present annual production is from 12,000 to 15,000 hogsheads.

Perils of Pilgrims.—A Persian pilgrim returning from the Holy Land has lately been robbed of his money in Syria, and the robbery has led to some "startling disclosures." The pilgrim, who is a man of rank and wealth, and seems to have been conducting his pilgrimage comfortably, had just left Damascus on his homeward journey. He was accompanied on the first day by a number of his countrymen from that city, who, when the evening drew on, joined him in revelry. In fact "high jinks" was going on in the tent occupied by the pilgrim and his friends until a late hour. About midnight, when the fun was at its highest, a shot was heard outside the tent, and the pilgrim rushed out to protect his mare, which was tied close by. The shot, however, was merely a decoy to draw him from his tent, and on his return he found to his disgust that a bag containing £800 was only conspicuous by its absence. Suspicion fell on his countrymen, and several of these were rather hastily, and, as it turned out in the end, injudiciously tortured to make them give up the money. The torture failed to produce the desired effect, for in truth the money had not been stolen by the poor Persians, but by some Arabs, one of whom a few days later applied to a Jewish serraf to change a few Persian gold pieces, and was induced by the wily Israelite, who suspected him, to produce several hundred pieces of a similar description. He was then handed over to the police, and confessed that the theft had been committed by himself and other members of his tribe. Officers were sent from Damascus to secure and bring to town the treasure, and to their great surprise found not only the Persian's gold, but 18,000 francs that had been taken from a party of Italians who came to Syria a few years ago to purchase horses, and lost all their money at the same place where the Persian had been robbed. Everything has been recovered, even to some decorations taken from the Italians, and it is expected these Arabs, as they are not dervishes, will really receive some punishment.

Novel Ruse of a Faithless Wife.—The White Pine (Nevada) *News* records the following: "Near the banks of a beautiful stream of water, not many hundred miles away, lived in happiness and comfort an apparently loving couple. But the insidious gay deceiver was, as usual, a friend of the family, and, in due course, succeeded in making captive the wife's affections. An elopement was arranged, and carried out by a most novel ruse. The husband having been engaged in his usual avocation all day, and feeling tired from labour performed, was induced by his faithless wife to divest himself of his garments and take a bath in a tub of water already prepared. With thanks for the kind feelings which seemed to prompt the request on her part, the unsuspecting man proceeded to do as bid. Scarcely had he completely undressed himself, when the wife of his bosom jumped on a horse near at hand, and dashed away furiously. We are informed that the chagrined and outraged husband refused to follow the faithless one, and is now rather glad to be rid of a bad bargain."

A Cricket Match Played by Ladies.—A cricket match of a novel description has been played at Sandhurst (Australia), with the object of swelling the funds of the local charities. The players (says the *Melbourne Argus*) were ladies, who went into regular practice for the match, and, a local journal said, in noticing their proceedings, "the progress which they made was astonishing, for they picked up the points of the game with wonderful aptitude." A description of the match says of the lady cricketers, "At first it was expected that they should play in the Bloomer costume, as being less likely to interfere with their freedom of movement than any other, but the innovation was considered too startling for a British community, and the idea was given up in favour of an attire of the ordinary shaped dress, made of calico, with a coloured jacket to distinguish the respective sides. These dresses the ladies purpose handing over as gifts to the charities. Everything being in readiness, the ladies—the one side wearing red Garibaldi jackets and sailors' hats, and that other blue jackets and similar hats marched in pairs —red and blue being linked together—from the tent into the field, aided by the respective captains—Mrs. Rae for the Reds, and Miss B. Rae for the Blues. Their appearance was very picturesque, and they were loudly applauded by the on-lookers. The respective captains having tossed for innings, it was decided that the Reds should go to the wickets; and they secured a total of 62 runs before the last wicket fell. After the lapse of half-an-hour the Reds took the field, and they put their opponents out for 83 runs. One innings each only was played, and victory, therefore, rested with the Blues. Mr. Coffin acted as scorer. When the ladies had assembled in the booth, Mr. Abbott, chairman of the hospital committee, thanked the ladies for the successful effort which they had made on behalf of the charities. Mrs. Rae, on behalf of the ladies, replied, stating that they had thoroughly enjoyed the game, and had the utmost gratification of knowing that their efforts had been productive of a substantial addition to the funds of the charities.

Remarkable Transformation on a Hen.—F. O. Morris, writing in *Land and Water*, says: I have received the following account from Mr. William H. Knevet, of Hoyland, Nether, near Barnsley. A similar change takes place occasionally in the plumage of the hen pheasant, but I was not aware of it before in the barn-door fowl: It may be interesting to some of your readers. "I beg to send you a few particulars of a remarkable hen, and to ask if you have ever known a similar case. The following are the facts: Mr. William Varries, an innkeeper in this village, has had a hen for the last ten years, which has regularly laid eggs up to last autumn, when she moulted, and on resuming her feathers assumed the plumage of a cock. The tail, heckling feathers, and the saddle became perfect; the comb only became partially developed. Since this change came over the hen she ceased to lay. Three months after the complete change came over the hen she died, and a Mr. Watson, of Darfield, registrar of births and deaths, made an examination of it after death, and the hen was opened by Mr. Mark Leech, of Hoyland, in the presence of several witnesses, who saw and examined the organs of the hen, which were still intact. It is now stuffed, and can be seen. There is no dispute or doubt about the whole matter, as during the time this remarkable transformation was going on the hen was daily seen by many people about Mr. Varries' house and in the village. P.S.—The hen never sat, nor displayed any desire to do so, but a chicken has been reared from one of her eggs last year."

Outrage by Arabs on a Tourist.—A correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion* sends the following account of an outrage on Mr. Charles Hamilton, a tourist: "On November 25, 1873, Mr. Hamilton was visiting Zagazig to do a little shopping, and looking at the ruins of Tel Basta, the ancient Phe-Bushti of Scripture, and also trying to gain information with reference to the growth of cotton, &c.—for Zagazig is the Manchester of Egypt, and endless regions of cotton are cultivated there. While Mr. Hamilton was quietly riding on his donkey, accompanied only by the donkey-boy, about four miles from Zagazig, near a village called Sherwenda Nahurme, suddenly he heard the donkey-boy cry out, 'Kabea-kelp,' which means in English 'Large dog, or wolf,' and Mr. Hamilton saw a large animal, wounded and bleeding, passing through Indian corn. Directly afterwards he heard an English voice calling in his native tongue for help, as if the person were in great distress. Mr. Hamilton immediately turned in the direction of the voice, and at a few yards' distance he saw a number of fanatical Arabs beating a Mr. Clark in a most fearful manner. He went to try and help the victim, as he imagined he had gained some influence from his many years' travel in foreign and barbaric countries; but before he could make many steps to his assistance Mr. Hamilton was knocked down with a gunstock, beaten almost to death, and bound back to back with Mr. Clark, and then they were dragged along, being beaten with the large nabob, a stick of considerable size which the Arabs use in husbandry. To use the words of their own Government doctor, whom he saw: 'Any other than a strong Englishman must have died under such savage treatment.' All the Europeans who saw Mr. Hamilton declared him to be the most beaten and shattered man they had ever seen alive. Mr. Clark was also dreadfully beaten, but being a slighter-made man, he escaped with less damage from the blows. The consul tried to protect the Sheik Osman Abassan brother of the Mudiah, or Governor-General of the province; but if he had not connived at the outrage, it is difficult to imagine why Mr. Clark and Mr. Hamilton should have been dragged to his village, spat upon by 600 of his men, and kept bound back to back, until they were released and their lives spared by the timely intervention of a French gentleman and a Greek. This happened on Mr. Hamilton's going through Egypt on his return from Abyssinia, where he had been into the Boghas country, the new possessions of the Viceroy of Karen."

A Muscular Christian.—Mr. Ruskin (says a London correspondent) ought to go to Barnstaple. At the present time, one of the churches in that pleasant town is being restored by the son of the rector. He is his own architect and his own builder. He employs one or two workmen, but works away himself with at least as much vigour as the Oxford undergraduates at the Hincksey-road. He has restored the waggon-roof, and he is now reseating the church.

Loyal British Settlers in Virginia.—The State of Virginia contains a large number of British settlers. Its laws, according to the *New York Herald*, "have been framed with the most liberal bias as to the rights of aliens," and the ideas and manners of the inhabitants are more attractive to Englishmen than those of the pushing Americans further north. It was announced some time ago that our countrymen in Virginia intended to celebrate Queen Victoria's birthday with great rejoicings this year. The fact caused considerable stir, and the State Legislature passed in both Houses a resolution of "congratulation and welcome" respecting the forthcoming demonstration. It has been even more successful than was anticipated. On May 25 the Richmond correspondent of the *New York Herald* wrote, "In the streets of the city we now meet everywhere the ruddy faces and bucolic 'toggery' of our British cousins." A meeting was held in the morning to organise a society for the encouragement of English immigrants, and the chairman expressed the hope "that loyalty to Queen Victoria, the noblest trait in the British character, would unite all classes of the British settlers, and that Queen Victoria would be honoured in the lives of her former subjects." A banquet in the afternoon is declared to have been "one of the grandest affairs of the kind ever witnessed in Richmond;" and a ball at night wound up the festivities. The Queen received, and responded to, a telegram wishing her "many happy returns" of the day, and for nearly a week afterwards there were races, among the stakes being a "Victoria Plate" and "Queen's Cup." Far from resenting these loyal manifestations, Americans seem to have been most favourably impressed by them. The Irish are often accused of influencing American feeling against this country, and there can be no doubt unscrupulous politicians often bid for their votes by talking nonsense about Great Britain. The hearts of Englishmen beat true to the land and institutions they have left, and the occasional frank utterance of patriotic sentiments may do much to counteract the evil effected by discontented Irishmen.

Milk Restaurants.—The *London Medical Record* says: The operation of the Adulteration Act in New York has given a great impetus to the consumption of milk in that city. According to the *Scientific American*, many restaurants have been established where the refreshments supplied are confined to a few simple articles of farinaceous food, and to bowls of milk and cream sold at moderate prices. The idea is said to have originated five years since with the proprietor of a small baker's shop in a humble locality, who had a monoply of this kind of business for some time and found it very profitable. Other persons, attracted by the rumours of his gains, opened larger establishments, which have culminated in full-blown restaurants. The more popular of these are said to be largely patronised by all classes. As much as 1200 quarts on a cool day, and half as much more on a hot one, is the quantity of milk said to be consumed in a single establishment, by an average of 2500 persons. Since the penalties imposed by the Adulteration Act in London and the vigilance of our milk analysts have rendered it possible to obtain pure and wholesome milk in the metropolis, it might be worth while to try an experiment of a similar kind. Milk, with the addition of ærated water and ice, forms a delicious and wholesome beverage in hot weather; and a most nutritious one in cooler weather, without the ice or ærated water. We see, with pleasure, that some shops in London are taking steps in the direction indicated by selling milk and Apollinaris water by the glass at a low price.

Brave Act of a Boy.—A few evenings ago some boys belonging to the primary school of Porrentruy were bathing in what is termed the "Trou de l'Autrichien," not far from Lorette. One of them, 12 years of age, suddenly disappeared beneath the water and would have been drowned but for the brave act of one of his young companions who jumped in without taking off any portion of his dress, and rescued him.

A New Sight in Paris.—If M. de Saint Denis, who has just been appointed Sorbonne Professor of Chinese in the place of M. Stanislas Jullien, has ever heard the story of what happened to his predecessor, he will not enter upon his office with very sanguine hopes of success. When M. Jullien was nominated to the post, his lectures were given on Thursday and Saturday of each week; but for the first month his audience consisted solely of the stove, which could scarcely be expected to derive much benefit from a lecture on language. One day, greatly to his surprise, a large party of fashionably-dressed ladies and gentlemen put in an appearance, and M. Jullien, out of gallantry toward the former, began his lecture by translating a sonnet by the Chinese poet Li-o-Tsing, in which woman is compared to "the lotus of the Yellow River." The audience appeared to follow the lecture with deep interest, and M. Jullien began to think that his office would be no sinecure. There was a large attendance the following week, and among the company the lecturer noticed one gentleman who had been present on the previous occasion, and whom he set down as an enthusiastic admirer of the Chinese language. This gentleman continued to attend a whole course of the lectures, accompanied on each occasion by a fresh party, and it was only six months afterwards that M. Jullien discovered that he was a guide, who showed foreigners the sights of Paris, one of the most remarkable of which he considered to be a professor teaching a stove to talk Chinese.

Statue to Lord Brougham.—The subject of a memorial in commemoration of the services of the late Lord Brougham has been for some time under the consideration of a committee of the Social Science Association and the Law Amendment Society. At a meeting, over which Lord Chief Baron Kelly presided, it was agreed to adopt, as the most fitting memorial, the proposition to erect a statue in Westminster Abbey or some other suitable place, and a subcommittee was appointed to make the necessary inquiries.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

WANDERINGS.

Their position was perilous in the extreme: sheltered behind that ridge from the Indians below in the great valley, and not even certain that some of their scouts had not seen so prominent an object as a woman riding upon a mule; and on the other side, coming in the very track they had followed, and as if in direct pursuit, there was another hostile band.

A short council of war was called on the instant, and the position reviewed. There was no escape either backwards or forwards; their only chance was to find some ravine running off at right angles with the mountain, and seek safety there.

It was a wild region of rifts and ravines; and fortunately there was what seemed to be a mere split between two rocks close at hand. From where they stood it seemed too narrow for a mule to pass through, but it was their only chance, and they made for it, to find as they drew nearer that it widened out considerably, and, save that the mules had hard work to climb over the rugged stones, the way was easy.

The question even now was whether they would get through before the Indians appeared. The stumbling of a mule would have been ruin, and the wonder was that one of the heavily-laden beasts did not fall; but one by one they followed their leader, led by Larry, while Frank kept guard over the rear till the last had passed through, and the sound made by its hoofs became inaudible in the narrow ravine as he stood listening.

It was none too soon. He had hardly glided through himself, and taken up a sheltered position commanding the opening—rifle poised and finger on trigger—when the first Indian came in sight of the ravine; then another and another, till from the murmur of voices it seemed, to Frank Adams, that there were twenty or thirty, and they had paused just opposite the rift.

Had they discovered something, and were they going to search it? What could they have found? Had a mule cast a shoe, or had something been left behind? Whatever might be the case, his duty was plain—to defend that pass till the last, so as to give the others a chance to escape. It seemed a mad thing to do, but no other course was open. While his ammunition lasted he could keep fifty Indians at bay, for they would not make a rush—of that he was sure. But then they could easily pursue them and run them down. Heavens! how sick he was of this constant life of dread—this hunted existence. Well, it was nearly at an end now, and wealth could not be won without trouble.

He listened: there was the same babble of voices to be heard, and he supposed that the Indians were consulting about their movements. How far had Larry got by this time with the mules?

"Whisht!"

"What! you here, Larry?" exclaimed Adams.

"Sure, and where would I be, whin Miss Mary's lading the first mule, and the others are playing at folly me lader, like so many four-futted babies?"

"But you should not have left them, Larry," said Adams, reproachfully.

"You see what it is to have so many masthers," said Larry, with much solemnity. "Miss Mary says, says she, 'Go and help Mr. Frank,' she says; and I looks at Mr. Dawson, and he nods his head. Well, what could I do after that, but come and look after the rear-guard, yer honour? and here I am."

It was no time for bandying words, so Adams remained silent, and the two men lay there in positions which covered the rift for quite an hour, Adams consoling himself with the thought that two of them could more effectually keep the Indians off, and that, though Dawson was wounded and helplesss, he could still guide, so that there was a chance of escape.

The full hour passed, and then the murmur died away. Another hour and all was silent. And now, at his repeated request, Adams consented to let Larry go forward and reconnoitre.

"Sure, I'll go along on the flure like a lizard," said Larry; and, leaving his rifle behind, he crept away from stone to stone, and was absent about a quarter of an hour, to come running back with the joyful intelligence that the Indians had passed over the ridge, and were now far down the slope of the great valley, where another body was advancing to meet them.

Saved then again, and by the narrowest chance. They started forward at a trot and made for their friends, following the course of the long, narrow gorge for miles before they overtook them, anxiously waiting at the entrance of this strange rift, where a couple more branched off in different directions, for they were in the land of rifts, ravines, and gorges. The region where they wandered was one net-work of such valleys, separated by mountainous crag and high point, the valleys wandering vein-like in every direction, the smaller running into the larger, and these again leading down to the plain.

The meeting was a glad one, and there being now no fear of pursuit, they agreed, after a rest by a mossy nook where there was water, and a little pasture for the mules amongst the bushes, to journey gently onwards, always away from the great valley, where it was evident that the Indians had made a temporary settlement; and then they could pause wherever nature offered them a pleasant resting-place, since all they required was undisturbed tranquillity and pleasant, quiet, journeying, where the invigorating mountain air blew freely. This life-giving breath Dawson drew in at every inspiration, and already his cheeks looked less pallid and strange.

And now, as they wandered on from resting-place to place, a day or two's freedom from peril, bringing back elasticity of spirit and lightness of heart, Larry would be what he called "making friends with the bastes, whispering saycrets" to this long-eared mule, tickling the ribs of that one, but invariably accompanying his attentions with a handful of sweet grass, or a bunch of tender shoots cut from some shrub. The result was that the mules followed him like dogs, and a word or a whistle would after a halt bring them trotting up to him at any time ready for loading, the poor brutes the while being ever ready to nuzzle up against him, and rub their noses upon his hand.

"Sure, and why not?" said Larry, when with a smile Mrs. Adams one day talked to him about it, "I don't think it's Christianlike to hit the poor bastes as can't handle a stick again. And sure there's no pleasure in it like there would be in hitting at a rowdy or an Injin, or a boy at home. And, besides, it would be ongrateful to the bastes to larrup them for carrying our traps. Look how a word kapes them in order and—— Ah! arrah, Pepe, you baste, lave Don John's tail alone. How would you like me to be comin' behind and biting yours?"

He shouted loudly at one of the mules playfully nibbling at a brother in front; and the result was a toss of the head and a bit of a caper, and all went well once more.

Mrs. Adams laughed merrily to her husband about the change in his sister, and Mary knew it, and acknowledged it with a soft gentle smile.

"Can't you find time to stay with us a little while?" said Mrs. Adams banteringly one morning, as the little train was passing along a mountain track that was like a broad shelf, with the almost perpendicular slope of the eminences on one side, and a tremendous precipice on the other.

Mary looked up, for she was on foot, and her eyes rested on those of her sister for a few minutes.

"You are laughing at me," she said softly; and the next minute she was walking by the side of the mule which carried Dawson.

The direction they had taken had been carefully noted, and the compass brought constantly into requisition till on this day, during the noontide halt, when the sun was pouring down the full fervour of his beams, Dawson announced that in a direct line they were not more than eight miles from the golden valley, as they had named the scene of their sojourn. They were up on a mountain side far above it, and, judging from analogy, Dawson was of opinion that on passing round the shoulder of this mountain, they would come upon either a valley or a table-land, which, if presenting satisfactory features, should be their resting-place for the next week.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

The heat of the day was past, and they were again journeying on slowly and leisurely, like travellers passing the time for their own pleasure. Now mineralogy was in the ascendant, and they examined the specimens Larry picked up or chipped off for them; now it was botany, and the curious hill-side growths were culled till, turning the shoulder of the mountain, they came upon an unexpected sight, filling up, as it were, a hollow scooped out amongst the mountains, which shut it in. Just below them was a lake, whose waters in the evening glow sparkled with the tints of all the precious stones. Here, close down to its edge, were groves of pine; there, rugged, bare rocks, and again, in patches, brushwood and clumps of mountain growth. A score of places presented themselves at once where they could set up their tent, and find rest and shelter from the winds that might blow cold in this elevated region, while the lake promised fish, and waterfowl for their guns.

Taking a last observation with the glass before descending to the shores of the lake, all was proved to be as Dawson had calculated. Certainly within ten miles must be the golden valley, for they recognised point after point with which they had been familar. The mountain, too, which they had climbed, was one they had often watched of an evening when it was tinted by the sunset rays. All, then, was so far satisfactory that they determined to at once set up the tent in one of the fir groves, trusting to their fortunate star to be unmolested by any wandering band.

A suitable spot was soon found and the mules set free to graze, while Frank and Larry prepared their tent. Mary left Dawson resting on the fragrant pine needles while she went to aid her sister in preparing for the evening meal, but she was playfully told to go and look after her invalid.

Mary stood looking at the speaker for a moment as if in resentment, but the soft light playing in her eyes grew brighter, and in a dreamy, thoughtful way she turned and went slowly down the slope amidst the tall fir trunks, standing up like pillars in some vast temple, till she was by Dawson's side.

He motioned her to sit down, and she took her place by his feet. His next act was in silence to hold out to her his hand.

There was a minute's pause, Mary Adams gazing long and earnestly in his face with a look full of appeal, trust, and hope. Then she placed both her hands in his without a word.

No word was spoken—no word of love had been spoken—but Mary knew that he had heard what she said on that dreadful day when he had offered his life for hers, and lay half insensible, bleeding for her sake; and in her heart of hearts she had told herself that she was his—his for ever, let him demand her when he would.

The sun sank lower, leaving the lake of a deep dark blue, unruffled by a breath of wind. The silence of the place seemed awful in its solemnity, save when it was broken by a merry snatch of song from Larry, who was putting finishing touches to the fir branch hut that had been hastily rigged up; and at last, when tired with his toil, Frank Adams cast down his axe and joined his wife, it was to find her alone, sitting with the evening meal prepared, and a pleasant smile of satisfaction upon her lips.

"Where's Mary?" he said, about to throw himself down upon the fragrant pine boughs that had been cut.

"Come and see," was the reply; and leaning upon his arm she led him down towards the shores of the lake. It was getting dusk now, and as they entered the little pine clump, for a few minutes they could not make out where those they sought were seated. But a pressure from the hand of Mrs. Adams called Frank's attention to a group upon a fallen tree, and as they paused there it was to make out, plainly defined now, Mary, with her waist encircled by Dawson's still feeble arm, and her head resting upon his breast.

Adams and his wife advanced, talking aloud, but the others did not stir; and when at last the fresh comers stood before them, and Mrs. Adams playfully announced supper, Dawson said quietly, "So soon?"

A minute after he said in a deep, soft voice—"Frank, Mary has promised to be my wife."

Then for the first time she raised her head, and looked at him, to say almost in a whisper,

"I made no promise."

"Not in words," said Dawson, quietly; "but I am quite content."

"'Ownly say—
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan,
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan'"

sang Larry at a little distance. Then directly after he shouted, as a noise came from a short distance, "Ah! who's that squaling. Bedad! and will ye be quiet? There niver was such a set of biting and kicking divils let loose before, since Adam gave all the bastes a name. There, I mane to ate and slape now before I do any more work, for I'm crying out intirely for me mate, and I've caught me eyes winking twice,

CHAPTER XXV.

THE VISIT TO THE CACHE.

Ten days of peace by the beautiful mountain lake soon passed away without a single interruption. Dawson grew stronger each hour, and his eye flashed brighter. Then they fished for the delicious lake trout, Larry's old Irish experiences in what he called, with a twinkle of his eye, "fishing without lave," came in useful here, and he had great success.

But not at first. For two days he came back empty-handed, though Frank had been more fortunate with his gun, and the ducks he brought in made a pleasant meal.

"I don't like it," said Larry, rubbing his chin. "There's thousands of throut there, for ye can see 'em swimming about in shoals—bad luck to 'em! but they won't be caught, an' ye can't go and bale out a big hole like that lake; ye might get tired. The bastes are artful, that's what it is, an' don't like to be caught honourable. Why, yer honour, I've knowd gintlemen come with their grand fishing poles and flies like butterflies, an' thry all day an' niver git a fish—thrying honourable ye know. But whin Mickey Daly an' I went quietly of a night and did a bit of poaching, och! the fishes were delighted, and we caught as many as we liked. "Now I wouldn't be a bit surprised," said Larry, thoughtfully polishing his stick with a handful of sand and some grass—"not a bit surprised if the divil's out here are as cunning and wicked as they are at home. Bedad! and why not? Human nature's the same all the wide world over, and why not here?"

Dawson laughed, for the Irishman's ideas amused him.

"What will you do then, Larry?"

"What will I do, yer honour? Why, I'll be aven wid 'em. Play black says they—a spade. 'Arrah!' says I, 'and I haven't got one. 'Thrumps!' and that thricks mine. On we go again, and I let 'em take a diamond thrick, when thinking to have me they plays diamonds. 'Whist!' says I, 'an' I've got ye again?' and I thrumps once more and wins. That's how I'll do 'em, yer honour, Misther Dawson, sor."

"Well, that sounds all very well, Larry," laughed Dawson; "but I'm not a bit the wiser. What do you mean to do?"

"Do, sor! Why that's what I've been telling ye. They won't play fair, so they must play foul. I chated thim when I played thrumps, but they niver knew it, so I must chate them here. That bit about the cards was what Father Rooney called an appylog."

Dawson nodded.

"You see, sor, it's plain enough that the fish won't be took fair, so they must be got wid a bit of wickedness. I'll have to go and poach for 'em same's I do at home. Only think of the little scaly beggars being so artful."

"Why, Larry," said Adams laying down his pipe, "how can it be poaching when there is no law against taking the trout?"

"Whist! yer honour, and what do the fish know about laws and all that sort of thing. They nivir heard the word poaching in all their lives—not even in Injin."

"Exactly; that's what I say," laughed Adams. "But then I can't argue."

"Av coorse not, yer honour. You've not studied throut and salmon as I have all me life, and don't know all their artful little ways. It's the iday of the poaching that plases thim—not the name of the thing. You see a throut's a kind of baste that like's to be tickled. Thry it in any strame where there's one lying by the side, and jist say tickle to him wanst wid yer fingers, and he'll lay over laughing in yer hand, and there ye have him, ready for the gridiron."

"But you can't tickle trout in a lake, Larry?"

"Av coorse not, wid your hand, yer honour, unless you had fingers a hundred feet long: so you tickle 'em with the iday of being poached for, and catch 'em like fun. It's the wickedness of the thing as they likes, for they're a bad lot they are, thim fish—a cold-blooded haythenish set, and only fit to be ate. I don't wonder at the old saint going and prayching to thim as he did, and much good it's done 'em. Ah, the divil a bit! It would want a dale of prayching to make a daycent boy of any one of thim."

Larry had evidently a plan ready, for soon after he set to work with an axe, lopping off boughs from the pines, and cutting down two or three smaller poles, which he cut in lengths lashed together at the ends and then crossed them with others till he had made on the sandy shore of the lake a decent little raft, about six feet by eight, strong and sufficiently buoyant to easily bear a couple of men. On this he placed a rice bag and his fishing tackle, cut himself a rough oar to paddle with, and then waited for the night to set in.

There would be but little exertion, so Dawson decided upon accompanying him, for the voyage was only to be a few hundred yards out in the lake; and at last, when the surface was like one purply black sheet, spangled with the glittering diamonds reflected from above, they pushed off, and anchored by means of a heavy stone let down by Larry with the thin rope used for lashing on the packs of the mules.

"There, yer honour," said Larry—"there's for ye. You might think you were out on a lake in ould Ireland, and the kaypers on the watch ashore waiting to catch ye. The throut are down below there, thinking it's a rare game; an' if we could see thim, bedad an' it's sartain that they're smelling round that stone I've put down, and rubbing themselves against the rope. Now I'll have first thry;" and he lowered a baited hook, which had hardly reached the bottom before tug-tug, there was a sharp snatch or two at the line, and Larry began to haul up a good-sized fish.

"Faith, and what did I say?" he exclaimed, "But whist! I musn't spake too loud, or they'll be off?"

Dawson had now lowered his bait, and after a minute he had similar good fortune.

"It's their nature all the world over, as I said before," said Larry in a whisper, as he hauled in another and placed it in the rice bag. "It'll be a good dish we'll have for the ladies, and a fine feed in the morning; and no fear of starvation so long as we kape close to the water, and know enough natral history to dale wid the fish."

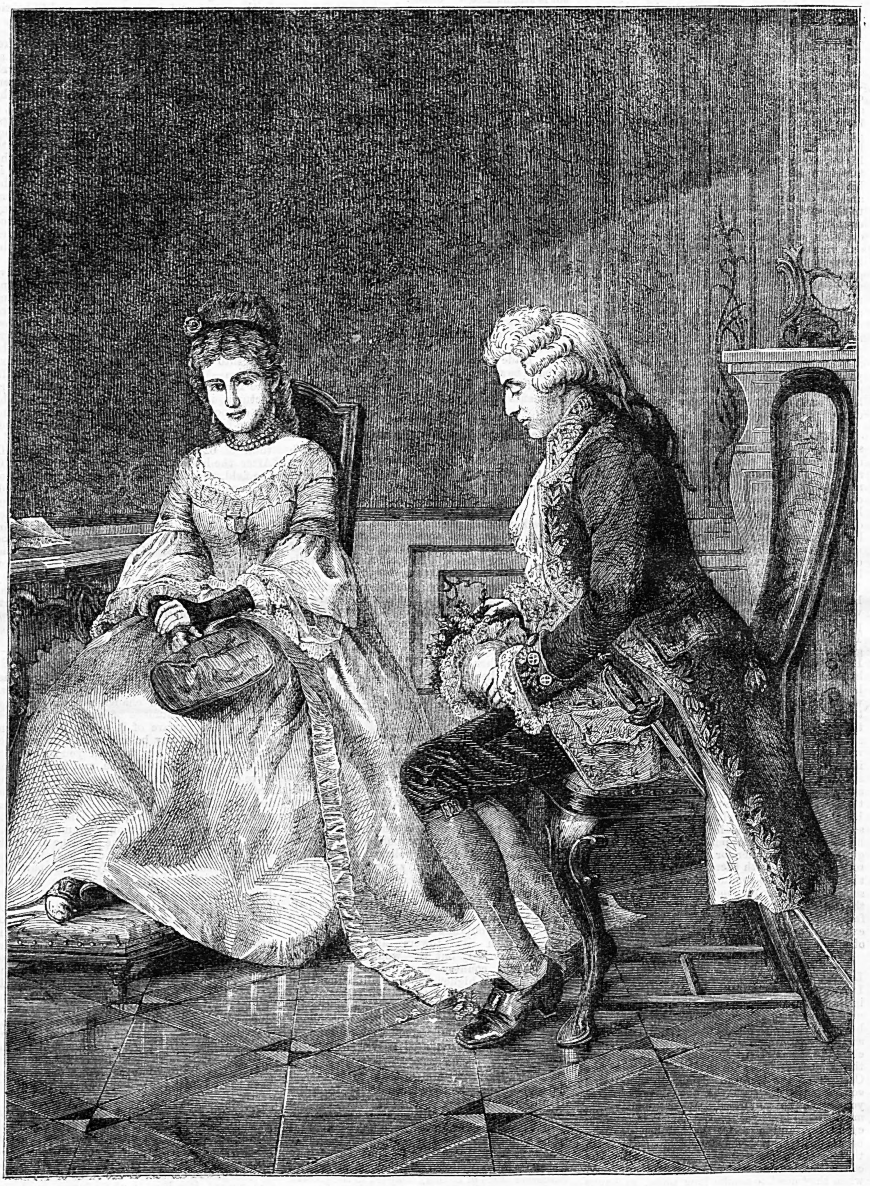
"Didn't we deludher 'em?" said Larry, as he bore his heavy bagfull of fish up to the hut. "Here's Misther Dawson caught about half, and enough left in the pond there to go at for months to come — the artful little bastes. And masther, dear, what do ye say to the poaching now?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

ANOTHER CHECK.

It was a pleasant fortnight that they spent by the shores of that clear-watered lake, ever changing in its hues—now glittering and shimmering like silver in the sun—now mirrowing the shapes of the mighty mountains which surrounded on all sides; or by night smooth and tranquil, with a long path of light seeming to pave a way to where the great round moon poured down beams which sent the tiny waves rippling to break upon the sand, like fluid phosphorescent light.

The days passed there were for rest, and Frank and his wife rambled often through the pine woods, whose wholesome resinous perfume seemed to load the air. It was a dreamy, lotus-



THE BASHFUL LOVER.

eating existence, and Larry declared it to be grand for the "mule bastes."

"Only look at Don John," he said to his master; "did you iver see such a coat ! Look how it shines, yer honour; and fale the fat he's got on his ribs. Arrah ! now be quiet," he shouted at the mule, which raised its head from where it was grazing, laid its ears back, and gave an unmistakable kick. "Is it wanting to pick a quarrel ye are? or did ye think ye could touch my ribs by raising yer leg in that unconvanient way ? Now be aisy, and go on aiting and gitting sthrong."

The mule went on with its grazing, and Larry led the way to another.

"There's Pepe, sor; he's as sthrong as a horse and quite fat. It's wondherful how tha've all improved. I tell 'em to make good use of their time, for there's some hard work for thim to do by and by. But it's proud they ought to be carrying goold as crowns is made of, instead of a dirthy load of stones such as some poor neglected bastes would have to bear, and sore places coming on their backs at the same time. Arrah ! and that's a fine mule that Pepe; look how prettily the baste waggles his ears, when the flies come tasing him, and how he makes much of the little bit of tail he's got; and it isn't much. Thim bastes, sor, will carry a wondherful load, see if they don't; and only want a rowl in the sand now and thin to freshen 'em up for their next journey."

And now a month had glided away; and, as they sat watching the glorious tints upon the mountain tops as the sun painted upon them the glories of his last rays, Dawson said with a sigh, and a dry look of humour upon his face, "I'm very sorry, but I feel quite well now."

"Sorry !" exclaimed Mrs. Adams.

"Yes, sorry that I must assume once more the position of protector instead of protected. It is utter nonsense that I should idle any more. But," he said, glancing round at Mary, "the holiday has been very sweet."

Mary was busy over some piece of work, and did not seem to hear.

"We must be up and doing again," continued Dawson, who seemed, as it were, to be rousing himself from the peaceful, dreamy state into which he had fallen. "I've laid by too long, and now, Master Frank, I mean to resume the reins of government."

"With all my heart," said Frank, lazily; "but, do you know there must be something in this soft, mountain air that is enervating as to moral tone, while it is exhilarating to the nature. I could go on living here for ever. It is a pleasure merely to exist—to breathe the pure breezes, to sniff up the scent-laden air, to sleep such restful slumbers, and wake up so strong and refreshed, to eat and drink and think so little. Heigho ! Dawson, old fellow, gold and civilisation and the world seem to be of very little consequence when one can live in such an Eden. What do you think of it, Larry?"

"Sure, an' it's very nice," said Larry, who was smoking; "but it don't seem quite perfect."

"Not perfect?"

"No, yer honour, not for me. Sure, haven't you two gintlemen got the society of the ladies, same as Adam had in his Eden? while poor Pat, as Misther Dawson's so fond of calling me, has got nothing betther than the mules, which is a highly rispectable kind of bastes in their way, but still they arn't Chrishtians."

"Then you would not like to stay here always, Larry ?" said Mrs. Adams.

"Sure, an' I wouldn't," said Larry, "specially in the winter; and by the same token isn't the tobacco running so short; it won't last above a week or two longer?"

"Larry's quite right," said Dawson. "The tea, too, is getting low, and the flour and rice. We've plenty for some time, but these things won't last for ever."

"And the throut ain't so wicked as they were," said Larry; "they're getting convarted from their evil ways, and won't take to the poaching like they did at first. Not that it matters much, for I'm ready for 'em in two or three other ways if they won't bite."

"We came out silver-hunting," said Dawson, slowly—after a pause.

"And we have hunted gold," said Adams; "and have grown so enervated in the mountain valley that we care for it scarcely at all."

"But now comes a general waking up," exclaimed Dawson. "Back to the big city is now the order; for it is not prudent to remain here. Because we have been unmolested so long, we are tempting fate. I don't want to be a bird of ill omen, but not only may the Indians find us here, but nature may turn unkind and send us storms, for the season is getting on. I take my place as leader once more then, and say it is not prudent to stay. The mules are strong and hearty, our treasure lies waiting us to claim it, so to-morrow let us be well on towards the valley and load our beasts for the journey across the desert."

At daybreak the next morning the little tent was struck and wrapped around its light pole, the mules laden with the food and such few things as they felt that they must have, for with such a weight of treasure awaiting them they could not afford to burden the mules with tools and packages that would be of little service now. The light valises and specimens collected here and there were tossed aside unwillingly, but the necessities of the position bade them do it, and at last cleared of everything that they could dispense with in the homeward journey, they gave a farewell look at the peaceful lake, and started for the golden valley.

"Sure, this won't do if there's to be much of it," said Larry, wiping the perspiration from his face. "The mules is that skittish with rest and feeding, and now nothing to carry, that they're killing me intirely, and I'll have to load 'em up wid stones."

But they grew steadier as they journeyed on, falling into their old places, and following their leader in regular Indian file.

As they plodded along, Dawson, who had thoroughly fulfilled his word of once more taking the lead, gave out his orders for the march, the most important being that they should get as close as they could to the valley before sending out a scout—which, by the way, was to be himself—and then, if all proved safe, they were to stay just as long in the place as would be sufficient to load the mules with the treasure. After this was done what remained could be covered with fragments of rock and fetched at some future time.

Strange forebodings began to oppress them as they neared the valley; but it was not spoken of by a single member of the party lest it should dispirit the others. The journey was a series of descents along ravines that looked as if they were the beds of mighty torrents during the wintry storms, when they would probably be filled with snow drifts. Once or twice they had a ridge or two to surmount, but they were slight, and they wandered now at the height to which they must have climbed almost imperceptibly in their wanderings.

In spite of the dispirited feelings, which they might have attributed to the breaking up of their pleasant camp, no obstacles appeared, and they trudged on till the sun grew unbearably hot, and towards mid-day they picked out as sheltered a spot as they could find, and came to a halt, with the faint, dull roar of the cataract coming at intervals to their ears.

This it was decided was as near to the valley as it would be prudent for them to go, and now came the reconnoitring.

"I have been an idler for so long that I shall take up that duty," said Dawson.

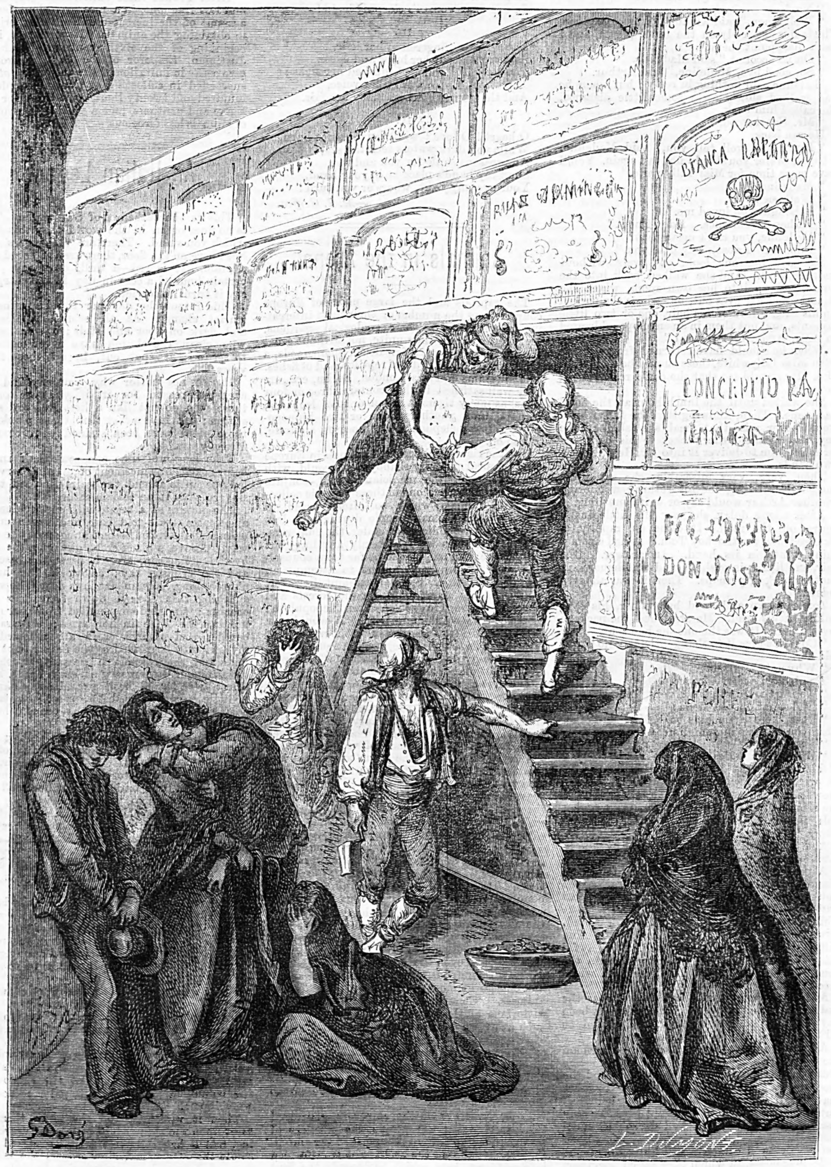
"You are too weak yet," remonstrated Adams.

"Not I," was the reply. "Whatever you do keep close with the mules until our return, for it is possible that there may be Indians hanging about the place."

Adams promised; and after going to Mary's side for a few moments, Dawson made a sign to Larry, and the two well-armed men stepped onward along the high ravine which, some distance ahead, opened into that golden valley.

For a time they confined themselves to walking steadily on through the glaring sunshine, which made the very rocks too hot for the hand to be rested upon them.

"Sure, and this will give the finishing touch to my complexion, sor," said Larry, in a whisper. "I've felt myself turning black for a month past, and now I'm being finished. I suppose that was how the niggurs first got turned that colour."



AN INTERMENT AT BARCELONA.

"Don't talk so loud, Larry," was the reply; "a whisper goes flying down these hollows in a way sometimes that is startling."

"I'm spacheless, yer honour," said Larry, trotting on close behind his leader; "but whist ! what's that?"

Almost involuntarily he stepped behind a rock, closely followed by Dawson; but it was a false alarm—a piece of stone loosened by a bird or some little animal fell rattling down from high up the slope of the ravine, and, smiling at their nervousness, they stepped on once more till they came close to the entrance to the valley, where they halted for a few minutes in a shady nook to gain rest and breath.

"We shall have to be careful here," said Dawson, "and go slowly, keeping always under shelter; and mind this, Larry, if we do come upon the savages, we must not run towards where our friends are hid."

"An' why not?" said Larry, scratching his head.

"Why not? Because it would be drawing the Indians to where they are. If it comes to that, we must try and lead the wretches away."

"Anyhow you like, yer honour; I'm wid you," said Larry.

They now went cautiously down from the ravine, sheltering themselves amongst the brushwood till they stood once more in the familiar valley, with its bluffs, points, and rifts, all familiar to them from their long sojourn. Everything was still in that noontide heat, but the reptiles and insects, for here and there upon the hot stones a tiny, brown lizard ran rapidly along, to disappear in some rift; a kind of grasshopper chirped and kept up its monotonous and tedious noise amongst the parched, mossy herbage; and once they saw a small snake, alarmed by their approach, glide amongst the stones. So silent did everything seem in that blazing heat, that a less cautious man would have been content to step boldly out; but Dawson had learned no little by experience, and he went on from shelter to shelter, as one might be expected to go who is prepared to receive an inimical shot at any moment.

There was the rivulet with its golden sands and nugget-haunted pools flashing back the sun; there the spot where they had been attacked. Across the valley, the opening to the rift where the silver lay, and not far off the rocks that towered over the *caché*, and the spot where their hut had stood. Behind them was the entrance to the cañon, out of which came the deep, bass roar of the waterfall, but everywhere the place looked deserted, and free from even a suspicion of danger. The hot sun beat down on rock and pine from the dazzling sky, and the very air seemed to quiver and vibrate as they scanned the place from the shadow of a clump of small firs.

The hut seemed to be standing safely, and that meant that the gold had been untouched. They were not quite sure, for their observations had only been taken from the farther side of the valley, but they were satisfied; and going on further away still from the open desert, they found more and more shelter as they proceeded.

"This will be about where thim beggars played at bow-an'-arrow wid us," said Larry, in a whisper, as they halted once more amongst some stunted pines, which grew from amidst the rugged stones, one of which stood up square and massive upon a little flat, clear piece of sand; and he pointed towards the pool in the rivulet where they had been so busy. "Bedad ! if I had the rascals now, I'd——"

Larry's whispered speech came to an end, for Dawson's hand was clapped upon his mouth, as the latter peered anxiously back along the route which they had come. Larry looked in the same direction, and there, about five hundred yards back, and between them and the ravine where the rest of the party awaited their return, was an Indian, coming along with bent head and cautious look from side to side, evidently tracking their footsteps.

One Indian only; but his tribe must be close at hand. What was to be done?

Escape was impossible, for this keen-eyed enemy was certainly tracing them step by step. They could see him evidently at fault now and then upon the stony ground, and he would again and again disappear in the little clumps through which they had passed; but when he came out it was to be pursuing their trail with unerring eye, and in a few minutes he would be up to where they stood, for not only had he their footmarks, but the broken and trampled bushes through which, for the sake of shelter, they had forced their way.

Dawson examined the lock of his rifle, and a stern hard look came into his face; but Larry, after rubbing his chin for a few monents made a gesture of dissent, handed Dawson his rifle, and wetted the hand which held his stick, going through the pantomime of being in ambush and knocking a man down.

"If ye shute it'll bring all the varmints down upon us, yer honour," he whispered. "Come along, and I'll show you. Do you see that bit of a rock?" he continued, pointing to the mass right in their path.

"Very well, then—he's follying us by our fate; so, when we get there, you shall go on and I'll dodge back, and take up me quarthers behind that stone. He'll come slithering along like a snake, the baste, and thinking we're on in front, when—whoosh ! Oh, the nate tap he shall have upon that copper-coloured head of his ! I'll tache him to play the snake afther us."

The plan was good, and they went on a dozen yards, when making a side leap Larry landed himself amongst the bushes, and made his way back to the big rock, where he took up a favourable position with upraised stick, and such a smile upon his face as he might have worn if feeling for heads outside a tent at Donnybrook.

And all this time, and ever coming nearer, the Indian crept cautiously on, tracing step by step with unerring fidelity the trail taken by the two adventurers.

(To be continued.)

Andrea and his Daughter.

I had little trouble with my servants. In each household of any importance there is a *maggiordomo*, through whom one manages all the rest. Andrea was the name of mine; a staid, grave, respectful man of fifty, always neatly dressed in black with white cravat. At first he quietly took the upper hand with me. This I tolerated for a few months, lacking experience in my new position, and willing to adopt some of his ways. Finally I sent for him. "Andrea," said I, "this is a comfortable place of yours, is it not?"

"Your Excellency surely knows what an honour I esteem it to serve the American Minister."

"I think you had been out of a situation some time when I engaged you; and if you lost this place you might not be able soon to find one that suited you as well."

"Dio mio ! who has been maligning me to your Excellency?"

"No one. And, in many respects, you are an excellent servant. You are always respectable looking; you receive my guests admirably ! you are attentive and obliging, and you keep good order in the house. But you have one fault which does not suit me at all."

"In the name of the Virgin, what is that, Signor?"

"You are as obstinate as the old devil himself. You insist on having your own way. I have let this pass so far. But now take your choice. Either you must do what I bid you for the future, or else it will be a month's wages—and dismissal."

I never had occasion, throughout the succeeding years, to say a word more on that point. Andrea did all the marketing, and he was an excellent caterer. I had been warned by an English friend, long a resident of Naples, that a major-domo expects to clear ten per cent. on his purchases; it was the custom of the place, he said, and I must not object if he kept to that. As Andrea's wages were low, I was content. But I found, by comparing prices, that he was gradually running up his percentage till it was nearly double.

"Look here," I said to him one day; "ten per cent. on the market bills for yourself I'm willing to allow; but it musn't be more."

"Oh, Signor, surely you don't think that I ever charge you one *grano* above the price I pay?"

"It's no use pretending, Andrea. I tell you I'm willing to pay ten; but remember I won't stand fifteen or twenty."

He looked me full in the face and saw I was in earnest; then, quite unblushingly, and with a sly smile, the rogue replied, "I didn't think your Excellency was so well informed in these matters."

Andrea was wont to spend his spare wages not exactly in "riotous living," but in giving to his friends occasional evening parties, with supper—and wine, of course—in a hall adjoining the servants' offices. As he always asked permission and kept his guests quiet, I assented for a time. But he had a daughter of eighteen or nineteen, a modest, nice girl; good looking, with a neat, small figure, and the oval face, light olive complexion, and handsome black eyes and hair of her country. Adelaide was her name, contracted, however, to Delaïta. She had been with us upwards of two years as chambermaid, when I heard that a handsome young fellow, a manufacturer of artificial flowers, who usually made one at her father's supper-table, was likely to be a suitor for his daughter's hand. Thereupon I sent for Andrea.

"It is not my business how you spend your money," I said to him; "but you will want to marry that pretty daughter of yours one of these days, and there will be the *dota*—you will be asked to furnish a bedroom; is it not true?"

"That is the custom, Signor; but do not fear; I shall be prepared."

A year later, however, he came to me, downhearted. "I am very unhappy," he said. "That good young fellow seeks my girl in marriage, and here I have but twenty-five ducats in the world."

"Ah ! those suppers ! I warned you, Andrea."

"Yes, Signor; but one must be a little hospitable; and then perhaps Tommaso"——

"Might not have taken a fancy to Delaïta if they had not sat side by side now and then at supper, you think?"

"Sicuro ! It is so. But if the Signor Ministro would only lend me the sum, and deduct it from my wages; three hundred ducats, with what little I have, will suffice."

"Well, Delaïta has been an excellent girl, diligent and faithful. She is a great favourite of Mrs. Owen's, and we always intended to give her something when she married. She shall have a hundred and fifty ducats. I'll advance the rest, and you shall repay it, ten ducats a month. You need a little lesson in economy."

"Dio glielo renda, (God repay it to you) Eccellenza !"

The girl was married; our children, to their delight and the gratification of all concerned, being present at the wedding; she did well, and came to see us from time to time. Two days before I left Naples, there was a knock at my library door, and Delaïta—her trim little figure nicely dressed, and dropping over her head, the graceful black lace veil, which in women of her station replaces, throughout Southern Italy, the hat or bonnet—entered and walked with a smile, and evidently much moved, up to the desk at which I was writing.

"I could not let your Excellency go," she said, "without coming to tell you how I feel about your goodness to me. I owe to you all I have—my pleasant home and the good husband who takes care of me. There is only one thing I can do for you, but that I'll never, never neglect. When I kneel before the Blessed Virgin in church, I shall always pray that she will guide and protect you, and give you many happy days."

By this time tears had gahered in the large, dark eyes, and her voice trembled with emotion as, after a moment's hesitation, she went on: "And now there's one thing I'm so very sorry for—that—that you're not a woman, so that I might kiss you before you go."

"But as I happen unfortunately to be a man, Delaïta, don't you think it might do just as well for me to kiss you?"

A bright blush for answer, and I kissed her as I would my own daughter, the tears dropping from her cheeks the while.

There are many countries where a girl might feel gratitude just as warmly as good Delaïta did; but out of Italy the gratitude would scarcely assume such frank expression. And who knows but that dear girl's prayers may, since then, have been to me, in strictest sense, far more than a return for the little service I had been able to render her?

When I was about to leave Naples there was quite a dramatic scene. The servants gathered round me, lamenting as if they were losing a life-long benefactor. Most of them in tears, they kissed my hands, called down upon my head all manner of blessings expressed in some of the various superlatives with which their language abounds; and several of them accompanied me to the steamer in which I embarked.—*Robert Dale Owen.*

AN ORIGINAL,
ATTRACTIVE, & HIGHLY ENTERTAINING
SERIAL STORY,
ENTITLED

GODFREY DARWIN'S CRIMES;

OR,

The Lock of Grey Hair.

By the Popular Author of "Spenser's Wife," "The Rose and the Shamrock," &c.,

WILL BE SHORTLY COMMENCED,

When Mr. Fenn's interesting Chapters come to a close.

The Lovers' Quarrel.

Of all people on earth, Madeline loved *one* the best. It was the man she was engaged to.

He had come into her lonely life like some wondrous prince in the fairy tale.

In the quiet village in which they met, certain rules regulated social affairs. Courting people were, so to speak, set apart. Parlours were given up to them whole evenings together, ordinary folk sitting in kitchens or on back porches, or anywhere out of the way. Two engaged people belonged to each other. It was treason for one girl to endeavour to monopolise what was generally termed the "steady company" of any other young lady. And Arthur Heathwood was given over to Madeline Hunt, as her particular and especial property, from the first day on which he was known to "be particular."

All this suited Madeline very well. It suited Arthur also. Everything went on famously. The wedding-day was set. The two lovers existed in a blissful state of romance; and Madeline, at least, believed that all this was to last for ever. She, in her simplicity, expected to live altogether alone in the world with her Arthur, and expected that he would be delighted with such a state of things. They were to bill and coo until they were very old indeed, and then die together and be buried in one grave, and go to heaven together hand in hand.

When the experience of womanhood has enlightened us, even if we love, we must say to ourselves, "It is possible he may change. It is even possible that I may. And surely one of us must die and leave the other." But to trust him we love, and Fate and Time and ourselves, with a marvellous and romantic faith, is one of the sweetest parts of first love. It is what makes it so beautiful to look back upon, so different from anything else so marvellous. To feel it, one must love first in those years where womanhood and childhood meet.

"Who is that bowing to you, Arthur?"

"Is some one bowing to me?" said Arthur. "Where?"

He looked in the direction Madeline indicated.

"Yes; Miss Lillywhite, I declare. What can bring her here? Excuse me, Madeline."

So he left Madeline on the little bank under the big elm where they had been sitting, and crossed the road, spoke for five minutes or so with two ladies who were certainly, to judge from their costume, very fashionable ladies indeed. "City ladies, too," said Madeline to herself. "I wonder whether I shall get that air after I live there?"

Arthur came back after his talk, and the ladies walked on.

"Mrs. and Miss Lillywhite, Madeline," said Arthur. "I used to spend half my evenings at their house. She's a splendid girl—musical, and quite a belle."

"Ah," said Madeline, coldly. "You never mentioned her before."

"Well, I don't often think of her. Out of sight out of mind, you know."

And Madeline suddenly felt very happy again. But the next evening Arthur did not stay with her as usual.

"You see," he said, "I must call on the Lillywhites. They are at the hotel, and expect it."

"Do they know you are engaged?" asked Madeline, in a little whisper.

"No; not as yet," said Arthur. "I shall let them guess it. I want to make you acquainted. We'll have some pleasant times together."

Then off went Arthur. He was only performing his social duties, but Madeline, country bred, had her fixed opinions about the conduct of an engaged man. "He should not call on other ladies," she declared to herself. But after a sulky hour or two, she comforted herself by saying that "as the Lillywhites did not know about her, they might be excused, and that they would do what was right when they understood how matters really were."

A few days after this, Arthur took Madeline to call on the Lillywhites, and the mother and daughter were charmingly polite; and thenceforth were always getting up pleasant parties. and sending for Miss Madeline Hunt and Mr. Arthur Heathwood to join them.

At first, Madeline liked this well enough; but soon the fact that Arthur did not comport himself on these occasions, as a lover should, dawned upon her mind. In her rural circle, the engaged gentlemen sat with their arms about their ladies' waists on all public occasions. They seldom spoke to any one else, and proved their devotion by being rather uncivil to other ladies.

Of course Arthur Heathwood was not likely to do these things, a man used to society, and anxious to keep his footing there. He was constantly thinking how much sweeter and prettier Madeline was than Miss Lillywhite ever could have been, and he was proud of her too, for she was a girl whose manners were soft and gentle, and who was graceful, and dressed in pure and simple taste. But he thought she understood what was proper in this new circle, as well as he did, and never guessed that she was hurt and angry and offended, because he handed her out of the boat just as he did Miss Lillywhite, and because he called her Miss Hunt, and said, "Allow me," when he put her shawl on for her.

Men are very stupid in such matters. A word or two would have made all right, but he never uttered them. And Madeline at last made up her mind to show him how she felt; to put a stop to all this, or end everything between them.

There was a certain little blue boat on hire at the river side; a pretty thing, bright with paint, and with a lady's face smirking upon the back board over the name "Flora." This Arthur had engaged for the season, and nearly every morning he rowed the ladies out. Often Mrs. Lillywhite would not go, and then the two girls sat side by side in the boat, Madeline's golden hair and soft blonde complexion contrasting well with Miss Lillywhite's brunette beauty. Madeline's face was too round and soft to show her feelings much, and Miss Lillywhite chattered so volubly that she could not have said anything had she desired to do so. And Arthur delighting in the pleasant exercise, believed that they were all enjoying themselves capitally.

How could he guess that the talkative belle was jealous of his little betrothed, who had captured the handsomest man of their set—one of whom she had thought a great deal too much, considering how matters had ended—or that Madeline was growing angrier at the way in which other people were occupying the time and attention of *her* Arthur?

It burst upon him, as far as Madeline was concerned, one bright morning, when, with his face all aglow, he leant over the gate, and called to her:

"Madeline, the boat is ready."

"Is it?" said Madeline.

"Yes, dear; come."

Madeline put down her sewing, and walked toward the gate. No one else was near. She folded her arms and leant against the palings, and felt something rise in her throat which she had to gulp down before she could speak.

"I'm not coming, Arthur," she said, at last.

"Why, Madeline? You are well, I hope!"

"Well, enough," said she. "But I'm tired of it all. Everything is different from what it used to be. You don't want to be all alone with me. You care for nothing but that Miss Lillywhite. I never saw an engaged man behave so before. No one would know which was anything to you, Miss Lillywhite or I. And as I said, I'm tired of it, and you may go if you like. I sha'n't. From this day, Arthur Heathwood, take your choice between those Lillywhites and me."

"Good heavens, Madeline!" cried Arthur. "I think I must be dreaming."

He was so unconscious of having done anything to hurt her feelings; so sure of his love for her, and his utter indifference for Miss Lillywhite; so shocked and surprised, that she must have forgiven him, could she have read his heart; but she did not. She looked away from him out over the wheat field, and said no more just then.

"I thought you were enjoying yourself so much," said he. "I thought you had quite taken to Fanny Lillywhite."

"You were mistaken," said Madeline; "and I've said what I mean."

"And you will not go with me?"

"No."

"Well, then," said Arthur, "I must go alone. The ladies are ready on the hotel piazza, and I can't disappoint them."

"On no account," said Madeline.

"So, good-bye, Madeline," said Arthur.

Madeline said nothing in reply; but when he had walked slowly away some little distance, she called him back.

"Mr. Heathwood."

He ran back.

"I might as well tell you," said Madeline, "that I prefer you should not call again. You'll have more time for Miss Lilllywhite."

"Madeline!"

"Well, sir?"

"I thought you loved me."

"Perhaps I did once. I don't now."

"Madeline, you can't mean that?"

"I do, sir. I absolutely hate you."

He gave her one look, and went without another word. And she walked back into the house, and up into her own room, where she almost cried her eyes out, but where she packed up his ring, a lock of his hair, one or two little presents, and put them in an envelope addressed to "Mr. Arthur Heathwood."

When he should have returned from boating with Miss Lillywhite, these should be handed to him. He should see that she could resent slight properly.

She waited until the lunch hour at the hotel had come. Then, knowing that the Lillywhites would never miss that meal, she called a little boy, and confided the packet to his care, instructing him to deliver it into Mr. Heathwood's own hands.

Then, very, very miserable, she sat upon the porch watching for his return; wondering whether Arthur would say or write anything.

After a long delay, she saw the little dusky figure on the road. It came on rapidly, a strange thing for the boy Tom. It had a something white in its hand. An answer. Her hair, and little pin-cushion, and watchguard, in another packet, perhaps. Then it was all over indeed.

Tom came up and stood before her, his eyes rolling in his head. He stretched the package toward her. It was the one she had sent.

"Couldn't give it to that gentleman, no how," said he.

"Why not?"

Tom looked at her askance.

"Nobody couldn't give him nuffin."

"Eh! what do you mean?"

"That there little blue boat, Miss Madeline, what you all sails in sometimes——"

"Yes. Go on."

"Well, them ladies was goin' out in it, long of him. But they didn't; stayed at home, and he went alone. And he's drownded, Miss—drownded dead, and they's fotch him up out of the river. And the boat's upside down, and a hole in the bottom. And—oh, lor! missus, hurry."

And Aunt Jenkins hurried out just in time to catch Madeline's fainting form in her arms.

A messenger of more responsibility than Tom was sent to the hotel at once. There was no doubt about the matter. The little blue boat had been found among the rapids, and a little while after, the body also had been found. Miss Lillywhite was in hysterics, and Mrs. Lillywhite almost distracted. And the awful thing that had been brought dripping into the house, lay in an empty room, under a white sheet.

And this, Madeline said to herself, was the end of her cruel jealousy. He had never been anything but kind and tender. She had done all the wrong. Oh, if she could but die!

All the long, bitter, maddening afternoon she lay with her head in her aunt's lap. She even told the old lady of her remorse, and the good soul tried to soothe her by telling her that "courting people always tiffed a little." But nothing could or ever would give her any peace, Madeline thought. And she sobbed until utterly exhausted, she dropped asleep. Then she began to dream—dreadful dreams about little blue boats, in which they sailed together, Arthur and herself. And she grew angry at him, and pushed him into the river; or he fell, and she could not save him.

"Oh, my God, have mercy on me!" cried Madeline, starting out of her sleep at last. "It is too horrible! horrible! I've murdered him!"

"Madeline!" said a voice, "Madeline!" And some one who was weeping softly knelt down by her couch.

"Madeline, you do love me a little then?"

She looked up and gave a scream. Her first thought was that this was a spirit; but stout flesh-and-blood arms encircled her, and two living lips pressed her forehead, her cheek, her chin, her quivering mouth.

"My darling," said Arthur, "I am safe and well. I never went out in the boat. The ladies declined to go. Mrs. Lillywhite fell suddenly ill, and her daughter would not leave her; and poor Collins was there on the shore, and I loaned the boat to him and went off into the woods by myself. At the hotel they thought the body found was mine. It is awfully beaten and bruised. And the poor fellow was just my height, and they took me for a ghost when I came back, unconscious of all that had happened. Oh, Madeline, my darling! I almost wished myself in that poor fellow's place until your good old aunt met me at the door, and told me all you had said to her."

"Arthur," said Madeline faintly, "I feel as though I should like to die now, I am so happy. What would life have been to me without you?"

"Or to me," said Arthur, "without you?"

And so the lovers' quarrel ended. And while the Lillywhites stayed in the place, Madeline was very sociable with them, more especially as a tall blonde exquisite with Dundreary whiskers also came up from the city, evidently with a particular thought of Miss Lillywhite, and as Arthur, who had obtained an insight into his little country girl's views of life, gave into them a little, even while he taught her those of more polished society.

In the end indeed, they were so sociable, those two girls, that Madeline told Fanny that she would have asked her to be bride's-maid, but that her cousin would be offended if she were not asked; and Fanny replied that she would have liked it so much, only by that time she should be married herself, and a married lady, as every one knows, cannot be bride's-maid.

By the River in June.

I.

Fair flows the river to the sea,
Fair gleams the summer heavens above,
Fair is the green of fields and grove;
But fairer far than earth or heaven
My love's sweet face shines out for me.

II.

Ah, summer day! that saw us stand
By yon brown waters smoothly flowing,
With fond hearts beating, and eyes glowing,
And all the best of earth was mine,
In one dear woman's clasping hand!

III.

The sunlight lingered in her hair,
And crept about her brow and eyes;
The trees, full foliaged, hushed her sighs;
The river's ripple was in her voice,
And the world's fairness made her fair.

IV.

O heart! O love! while bright skies burn,
While yon dark waters seek the sea,
And seasons smile for you and me,
Shall my hand's place be in your hand,
Your eyes my light, where'er you turn!

—*M. I. Griffen.*

Animals in the Arena.

The capitals and the large cities of Europe count among the number of their most interesting establishments their zoological gardens, menageries, where they unite, not without great trouble and expense, a few dozen quadrupeds, a small collection of birds, of reptiles, and of fishes. The museums of Paris, London, Berlin, etc., are very well satisfied if they contain three or four lions, as many tigers, a dozen or so of leopards, jaguars, and panthers, one or two hippopotami, as many elephants, a rhinoceros, a giraffe, and so on.

But the richest collection of animals in Europe would appear pitifully shabby if we could, with the flourish of the magician's wand, conjure again into existence one of those gigantic collections of animals which so often served to entertain the Roman people during the last years of the republic, and under the emperors. These exhibitions were certainly anything but instructive, and one would be far from counselling any modern government to attempt an imitation of them. Such an attempt, however, would be only an attempt, for the forests and deserts have been to such an extent depopulated of their savage inhabitants that it would now be impossible to collect a sufficient number of large animals to reproduce, even on a small scale, one of those prodigious spectacles which were the delight of the ancient Roman.

The first exhibitions of this character given at Rome were the hunts (*venationes*)—more properly, massacres in a sort of tilt-yard. From time to time, on extraordinary occasions, the people were treated to a grand conflict between some hundreds of animals of various species, that were turned into the arena together.

At other times the animals were pitted against men called beast-fighters—*i. e.*, men who followed beast-fighting for a living. They were distinct from the gladiators, and had a lower place in the social scale. But, in time, these men abandoned a calling which was so dangerous, and it became necessary to supply their places with criminals or prisoners of war. Under the emperors, substitutes were also taken from among the Christians. This was a veritable windfall for the populace, who, we are told, delighted in nothing so much as seeing the defenceless adherents of the new religion, men and women, torn limb from limb by wild beasts. Hardly less were the people edified to see the nobles, the senators, and even the emperor himself, "the divine" Commodus, descend into the arena, and engage in mortal combat with the fiercest animals. Commodus, if we can believe the historians of those times, was unsurpassed in such exercises. Having the figure and vigour of an athlete, he gave to himself the surname of Hercules, and was desirous to justify the appellation by imitating the feats of the demi-god—that is, by exterminating a certain number of beasts of prey, which surely were not so dangerous as was he.

Probus, another of the emperors, conceived the idea of giving the people the privilege of taking an active part in the sports of the amphitheatre. He caused the arena to be transformed into a forest, into which he loosed, the first time, one thousand deer, as many wild-dogs, and as many ostriches. Then the gates were opened, and as many amateurs entered as chose, who killed and carried off what and as much as they pleased. Another day, instead of this comparatively inoffensive game, Probus presented the people with one hundred lions, one hundred leopards, one hundred panthers, and three hundred bears. But this time the festivities had a tragic termination. A goodly number of the hunters were attacked and torn to pieces, while several of the animals escaped from the *stadium*, and caused a fearful panic among the spectators, which cost the lives of several. Finally all the animals were killed; "but the *fête* was," says an historian, "grand rather than agreeable."

The consumption of animals at Rome, in providing for the amusement of the good people, from the end of the republic to the fall of the empire, surpassed the conception of the liveliest imagination. Let us try, nevertheless, to get an approximate idea.

In the 567th year of Rome—186 years B.C.—Marcus Fulvius for the first time introduced lions and panthers into the arena—the number is not stated. Eighteen years later, the ædiles supplied for a popular *fête* sixty-three leopards and panthers, forty bears, and several elephants, Sylla exhibited one hundred lions. In the year 693 of Rome, Domitius Ænobarbus gave an exhibition, which consisted of the killing of one hundred bears by negroes. Three years later Scarus presented the people with four hundred and fifty leopards. The first hippopotamus that appeared in the arena, with one hundred crocodiles, was a present by this same Scaurus. At Pompey's expense, six hundred lions, four hundred and ten panthers, and about a score of elephants, were slain. Cæsar, the vanquisher of Pompey, in his turn, celebrated his triumph by "games," in which four hundred lions, forty elephants, and one giraffe—an animal till then unknown to the Romans—were killed. Octavius Augustus illustrated his glorious reign by a succession of butcheries, in which about thirty-five hundred animals were killed, among them being six hundred of the feline species, one rhinoceros, one hippopotamus, thirty-six crocodiles, and one serpent forty cubits—say sixty feet—long, probably a python. Germanicus, during his consulate, in the year 765 of Rome, contributed two hundred lions; Caligula, on his return from Gaul, three hundred bears and as many panthers; Nero three hundred lions and four hundred bears. Titus inaugurated the amphitheatre which bears his name by a series of *fêtes*, during which some five hundred beasts of prey and about four hundred granivorous animals were killed. Trajan on one occasion gave a series of *fêtes*, which lasted no less than one hundred and twenty-three days, and in which eleven thousand animals of different species were sacrificed. Later, one of the ædiles, during his term of office, sacrificed, in round numbers, one thousand bears, one hundred lions, leopards, and panthers, three hundred ostriches, one hundred wild-bulls, one hundred and fifty wild-boars, and a great number of deer and other inoffensive animals.

After Probus these exhibitions became less and less frequent, in a measure, doubtless, on account of the increased difficulty experienced in obtaining the animals. Nevertheless, in the beginning of the sixth century of our era, Justinian, Emperor of the East, desirous to give a *fête* in imitation of the ancient *venationes*, succeeded in collecting at Constantinople one hundred and twenty lions, some thirty or forty tigers and panthers, and a considerable number of animals less ferocious.—*Appleton.*

An Italian Legend.

This is the Cathedral of St. Jerome. There is no finer organ in the world than this before which you stand. There are the singers' seats. See! here on the floor, there are the broad steps, a stain. It is red—a dull, dark red. At a certain hour of a certain day in the year, they say it turns to scarlet.

This is not the day nor the hour for that scarlet change. At all events, it lies dull and dark on floor and stair; but the women who clean the church have never been able to scrub that spot out, in all those fifteen years.

It does not matter why, you may find some chemical reason for it, if you are one of those who do not like a little taste of superstition; but it is a fact that those planks and those steps have been stained with blood for fifteen years.

That length of time ago, some half an hour before the commencement of evening service, a lady began to ascend the stairs that led to the singers' seats in an Italian cathedral.

The picture of a saint, with meek blue eyes and floating pale-gold hair, and hands crossed upon a white-veiled bosom, hung upon the stairway. Above, a black cross, gilt upon the edges by the setting sun, arose between the casement and the crimson sky; below, in the hushed church, long, solemn shadows lay. The sweet, suffering face looked down from the great crucifix; the Madonna smiled from her niche, holding the Babe in her arms; flowers and candles and shrines were all mellowed and mysteriously beautified by the fading light; and here and there knelt a peasant worshipper counting her little rosary of black beads, and a priest, with bowed head, passed away through a little portal sacred to priestly exits and entrances, as though he left no thought behind him in the outer world.

But this woman ascending the gallery steps was no saint, no nun—a creature full of life and love and passion. The blackest hair, that ever seemed to glitter into purple when the sun kissed it, was braided about her head; her eyes were black also. Her face was like some mellow-tinted marble, save for the scarlet lips. An Italian woman, with Italy's perfect features and statuesque form; young, but not in many senses as young as a woman of her years born in colder climes would have been; not one of those women who are undeveloped girls until they wither into middle age.

She leant against the balustrade, and looked down into the church. She waited for something. Although she was soprano of the choir, it was not for the service to commence, nor to see the priest with his bowed head re-enter, nor to watch other worshippers glide in to await the coming mass.

Not a woman who had seen her but would have known that she waited for her lover. But no woman saw her. The painted eyes of the saint upon the stairs were the only eyes there save her own.

At last she saw him. A figure with a wondrous grace in all its movements doffed its hat at the open portal, advanced amidst the shadows of the columned aisles, and passed the kneeling worshippers.

Then it vanished, and she knew that the saint upon the stairs could have seen it ascending, had it had sight in its blue eyes. A step smote the silence, a shadow crossed the marble floor, and then her own passionate eyes met his.

She was a singer of the opera, who added to her gains by singing also in the church. He was a prince. It is not so great a thing to be a prince in Italy, where they are rather common; but he was also young and beautiful and wealthy, as all princes in Italy are not.

They had met in that very spot. As she sat dreaming away the hour before service, she had turned and found him at her side. Her voice had drawn him to the spot. Her face bade him return thither again, and still again. And as for Bianca, when she saw him she said to herself:

"This is why no man ever charmed me before. I waited for him."

That was six months ago. She used to ask herself whether she had really lived before she met him. It seemed now as though she had loved him all her life.

His wealth and his title had nothing to do with her love for him. Had he been a poor singer like herself, he would have been the same to her, and the difference between their position never occurred to her as a matter that had anything to do with his esteem for her.

Some day they would share a home together, and whatever that home might be, it must be heaven.

When they parted he had told her that to-day he should have something very particular to say to her, and through her heart crept little thrills of hope. He would speak again of the beautiful villa by the lake side, where they were some day to live together, perhaps. It could be only something that she should rejoice to hear, that his lips could have to tell her.

He sat down and took her hand. He looked in her face almost sadly.

"Bianca," he said, "you love me. Say it again: You love me; and nothing could change you—nothing."

"I can think of nothing while you loved me well," she said.

"I never loved woman before," he said. "I never shall love another: listen, I swear it; and yet I have something to tell you that might make you doubt it. Bianca, you know my position in life—you know my title. Did it ever occur to you that a prince might be a slave?"

She looked at him again, but said nothing.

"We do not choose our mates as peasants do," he said. "They are chosen for us. Bianca, long ago my father chose a bride for me. She is rich; she is young; she is as hideous as a monkey. We detest each other, and—and I am to marry her to-morrow, Bianca."

He held her hand so far. Now she snatched it from him. Her face had grown as pale as death, but she uttered no word.

"Bianca, dearest, it can make no difference," he said. "There is still the villa by the lake, to which I shall carry you. It will not turn your heart from me, this that I have told you? Bianca, speak."

"It is growing late," she said. "The singers are coming; I see them below. You must go."

"But you love me still?"

"The heart cannot change in five minutes."

"And you will remember the villa by the lake, and the happy life we shall lead there? Bianca, speak. Do a few words matter? Does a name matter? Speak!"

"Not now," she said. "Adieu, they are here."

The singers were on the stairs. The church was filled with worshippers. The organ lifted its voice; the soprano took her place. Below the young prince paused to bend his knee for a moment before the shrine of his patron saint, and was gone.

The mass was said. The people departed. The church was closed.

And in course of time the night passed, the day dawned, and morning mass was said.

Then came people to deck the church with flowers, and prepare for Prince Luigi's wedding.

In the singers' gallery Bianca stood again, pale as a woman of stone. The rest chatted of the coming ceremony, the wealth of the bride, of the beauty of the bridegroom. Some declared the bride also lovely. They had seen her. Others said she was not beautiful at all. Bianca joined in none of the talk. She looked down into the church, as she had looked the day before, but this time no woman would have said, "It is for her lover."

They were to sing the wedding train in, those singers. The prince had paid well for it. The organist did his best. The soprano stood ready with her music in her accustomed place. The bride's foot touched the sacred floor. She was a young woman. Her veil fell about her; pearls and diamonds glittered; a train of silk and lace was borne after her. Fair or not, the figure had a beauty of its own as it passed up the church aisle, and he was at her side, gallant in his gay attire, and fair maidens and brave men followed.

Never had the soprano sung as she sung then.

"Is it an angel, or only a woman?" asked the bride, in a whisper.

"It is an angel," said the bridegroom, and he meant no jest.

The priest stood waiting. The music died away. The happy pair knelt at the altar's foot.

In the gallery the soprano knelt also. She covered her face. Up there the words of the service were not audible, but when the blessing was uttered and the newly-married pair arose, the singers knew their part had come again.

Bianca still knelt. Some one touched her. She did not move.

"S-s-t, Bianca. Still at your prayers, Bianca?"

Still she did not stir, and the one who had touched her gave a cry, and pointed to the floor. Over it a little red stream made its way, and dripped down the steps, just where you see the stain to-day—a stream of blood from poor Bianca's heart.

Italian women generally carry a dagger about their persons. To-day, at least, Bianca had worn one, and it was plunged to the hilt in her breast.

Poor singer though she was, she scorned such love as she now knew Prince Luigi had offered her; but she had loved him well, and bereft of the sweet hope that she had cherished, life became worthless to her. And so there are dark stains on those steps, and St. Jerome's Cathedral has its legend.

Capt. Burton's Necromancy.

During one of Capt. Burton's voyages in the Essex he was becalmed off an island of the Society group, in the South Pacific, and one day a valuable case of surgical instruments was stolen from his cabin. A number of the savages, with the chief of the island at their head, had been on board, and he knew that the thief was of their number. On the following day he pulled on shore, with the best part of his crew, and found the chief, in company with several of his principal warriors, sitting before his hut. Burton made known his errand through his interpreter, whereupon the sable monarch expressed unbounded surprise. Not only was he sure that none of his people had stolen the articles, but he could assure his "milk-skinned brother" that his people would not steal under any circumstances.

The captain assumed a confident attitude, and begged to inform his swart majesty that he—Burton—knew where the missing property was. He had the power to discover such things. It might save the chief a vast deal of trouble if he would at once produce the lost property.

Upon this the chieftain declared that he could have nothing more to say upon the subject; and to give seeming weight to his assertion he drew forth his pipe, and having filled it with tobacco, he commenced to strike fire upon a piece of punk-wood with a flint and steel. Capt. Burton told the interpreter to bid him stop.

"Tell him," said he, "that I will bring down fire from heaven into his pipe."

The chief received the announcement with a look of incredulity, but nevertheless, dropped his flint and steel, and suffered the captain to proceed. Burton drew from his pocket a small sun-glass, or magnifying lens, and concealing it in his hand, he bade the chief to smoke away, and at the same time he turned the bowl of the pipe toward the sun, and brought the focal point of the rays upon the tobacco. The fire took, and the smoke came forth. The dusky chieftain puffed out a fragrant cloud, then looked at the bowl of his pipe, and then knelt in awe before the pale-faced captain. He would not tempt the wonderful power of the great medicine-man further.

Burton obtained his case of instruments from the chief's own hands.

Address to a Bat.

Hap-hazard hybrid that one sees,
Half bird, half reptile, fluttering through
Those sultry twilights, when the trees
Loom breezeless on the dreamy blue;
Strange, blundering mongrel of the air,
At random war with here and there,
Now wheeling wild and swooping now;
In what mad mood did nature please
Her sweet, rich harmonies to scare
With such dark dissonance as thou?
Shape that unseemliest traits endow,
Grotesque, chimeric, cold, impure,
With Satan's wings in miniature!

Nay, is it that thou lingerest here
As the last-left weak heir of what
Survives from many a wrecking year
In shadowy fable, trusted not?
Does altered time in thee behold
One waif from horrors manifold,
Ghoul, griffon, dragon, ouphe, gnome, sprite,
That living shook the earth with fear,
And dying when the earth was old,
In mockery of their crumbled might,
Foredoomed to thee thy dismal flight
Through lands where once, by dread dismay,
Thine awful ancestry held sway?

—*Edgar Fawcett.*

Literary Rambler.

TWO RIVAL ROMEOS AND JULIETS.

When the "silver-voiced Barry" came over from Ireland, David Garrick saw that he had a dangerous competitor for his throne. David, therefore, looked about him for means to assert his supremacy, and he fancied his opportunity had come when the Covent Garden management announced for presentation the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, with Spranger, Barry, and Mrs. Cibber in the leading parts. Anne Bellamy, a young actress of rare beauty and some genius, was of Garrick's company, and her he instructed in the part of "Juliet," as in Ireland he had instructed Barry in that of "Romeo." At Drury-lane there was a great deal of preparation for the coming battle going on in secret, but until the morning of the 28th of September, 1750, no one outside the theatre knew what the play for the evening would be. Covent Garden was rather surprised to find that Garrick had thrown down the glove, and that the contest for the favour of the town was to be at once begun. It is clear that Barry did not shrink from the encounter, but welcomed it. The struggle went on for twelve nights, very much to the disgust of the play-goers from the country, who desired a change of bill each night, and out of it grew the famous epigram:

Well, what's to-night? says angry Ned,
As up from bed he rouses;
"Romeo again!" he shakes his head;
A plague o' both your houses.

The encounter did not, however, crush Barry as Garrick hoped it would, though very undoubtedly the victory rested with the older actor; and that he thought so was evident, for he wrote an epilogue full of notes of triumph for saucy Kitty Clive to speak on the last night. Mrs. Cibber was far-and-away the better Juliet, one critic writing, "At Covent-garden I saw Juliet and Romeo, and at Drury-lane Romeo and Juliet." A lady whose verdict upon both the Romeos has come down to us is the best. She said, "Had I been Juliet to Garrick's Romeo—so ardent and impassioned was he—I should have expected he would come up to me in the balcony; but had I been Juliet to Barry's Romeo—so tender, so eloquent, and so seductive was he—I should certainly have gone down to him." Old Macklin had something to say, which, however, is less complimentary. "Barry," said he, swaggering into the garden, and was so loud and boisterous that the servants ought to have come out and tossed him in a blanket; while Garrick sneaked in, like a thief in the night, and ought to have been kicked out.—*L. Clarke Davis.*

MUSICAL FARCES.

The French are masters in this sort of comic production (think, for instance, of Grandville's drawings and the well-known busts of Dantan, among a host of others!), and Offenbach has caught their idea and applied it to music. This decided, and certainly by no means despicable talent which Offenbach was endowed with, and has cultivated in the fittest place in the world, namely, in Paris, has led him, even in the choice of his subjects, to enter upon a path in which this talent of his can exercise itself in the most brilliant manner. Rossini's Doctor Bartolo is really a second Cato when brought into comparison with the mad figures that go rollicking about in *Barbe-bleue*, *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, or *La Princesse de Trébizonde*. We may shake our heads ever so suspiciously in the midst of this madcap world of grimaces, in this antic carnival of the mind, but we cannot help feeling cheerfully stimulated, and the accusation we are about to make is stifled in the unquenchable laughter into which we break out in spite of ourselves. These musical farces have, after all, their own significance as works of art, in the history of music; by which I do not mean to say that they are classic music of permanent value. Offenbach is an original, and if not exactly praiseworthy, or in any way a model worthy of general imitation, he is yet a remarkable phenomenon of his kind. But Heaven preserve us from his imitators, who are already beginning to spring up here and there.—*Von A. W. Ambos.*

GREAT MEN'S LOVE FOR CATS.

Champfleury has one interesting chapter on the love of distinguished characters for cats. Tasso addressed the finest of his sonnets to his cat; Petrarch had his favourite cat embalmed in the Egyptian style; Cardinal Wolsey gave audience with his cat seated beside him. There is or was a statue in a niche of the ancient prison of Newgate, representing the famous Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, with his right hand resting on a cat. Mahomet on one occasion cut off the skirt of his robe, so that he might rise without disturbing his cat, which was sleeping on it. Cardinal Richelieu, the great prime minister of France, always kept a number of kittens in his cabinet to amuse him with their pranks. Chateaubriand loved cats all his life, and his passion for them was so notorious, that when he was ambassador at Rome, the Pope made him a present of one. Michelet, the historian, and the essayist on Love and Woman, is so fond of these animals that he will even pet a deformed one, and will not allow it to be molested. Moncrif, a clever French writer and member of the Academy, was another cat lover, *Les Lettres sur les Chats*. Then come the German story-writer, Hoffmann, the French poets Baudelaire, Gautier, and Victor Hugo, the historian Mérimée, and our own Edgar Poe, besides a well-known list of English writers. On the whole, the cats have no reason to be ashamed of their intimates. There have been artists who have loved this creature well enough to do much good work in drawing and painting him. Champfleury's book is illustrated by eighty excellent wood-cuts, which give us at least a hint of what has been done in this line by the Egyptians, the Romans, the Japanese; by the German Gotfried Mind, "the Raphael of cats;" by the Dutch Cornelius Wischer; by the Frenchmen, Grandville, Rouvière, and Delacroix; by the English Burbank, and several others. It is remarkable that one of the very best of these limners of the feline race is the Japanese Hok'sai, or Fo-Koa-Say, an artist of really distinguished merit, who died some fifty years since, leaving a prodigious number of sketches, many of which have reached Paris. The cats of Hok'sai are so plump and smooth and gracious, that you feel a desire to catch and fondle them. They are even more like nature than the best work of Delacroix, and, they are hardly surpassed by the highly finished pieces of Mind and Wischer and Burbank. —*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE TULIPOMANIA.

The tulipomania, introduced into Europe about the middle of the sixteenth century, was a very curious sort of enthusiasm. In 1634 the rage was so great that the population to its lowest dregs embarked in the tulip trade, and as the mania increased prices augmented. It was in decidedly bad taste for any man of fortune to be without at least one choice specimen. A trader at Haarlem paid one half his fortune for a single root to keep in his conservatory. At one time there were only two roots of the species called Semper Augustus in all Holland. A person offered twelve acres of building ground for one; the other was bought for four thousand six hundred florins, a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete suit of harness. One single root of the rare species called the Viceroy was exchanged for

Two lasts of wheat
Four lasts of rye,
Four fat oxen,
Twelve fat sheep,
Two hogsheads of wine,
Four tuns of beer,
Two tuns of butter,
One thousand pounds of cheese,
A complete bed,
A suit of clothes,
A silver drinking cup:

in all, two thousand five hundred florins. People who had been absent from Holland when this folly was at its height were led into awkward dilemmas by their ignorance. A sailor brought news to a wealthy merchant, who prided himself on his fine tulip bulbs, of the arrival of valuable merchandise, and as a reward received a fine red herring for his breakfast. The tar, it appears, had a great partiality for onions, and seeing one lying among the silks and satins, slyly slipped it into his pocket as a relish for the herring, and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned when the merchant missed his valuable Semper Augustus, value two hundred and eighty pounds sterling. Imagine the distress, the uproar—the tableau of the simple sailor quietly sitting on a coil of rope masticating the last morsel of his *onion*; last act in the little drama, imprisonment for felony?

The Ladies' Own Corner.

We extract the following from the Paris correspondence of the *Queen*:

POPULAR NOVELTIES.

Another popular novelty this season is the costume ornamented with broderie Anglaise. It is arranged in this wise: Imagine a silk skirt of some dark colour, such as marine blue, trimmed with the close kilt-plaitings—those called "plissés marguerites." This skirt, as it is for a costume or walking dress, is short, barely escaping the ground. The polonaise, which is of écru cambric, is worked all over with stars, wheels, or compasses, or any of those formal designs so well known as broderie Anglaise. The polonaise is fastened down the front with a band of marine blue silk, buttoned with mother-of-pearl. Marine blue faille bows loop up the polonaise, and the centre of the back is likewise blue faille.

Another favourite trimming at the present time is gold, silver, and jet braid, all mixed and arranged à la Marion Delorme upon black faille dresses. For simple morning costumes the Oxford linen is most popular, and skirts made of it are literally covered with plaitings.

FRENCH MUSLINS AND BLACK SILK DRESSES.

Several new French muslins are made up without any regard to the laundress's capabilities. They are exceedingly pretty, but are surely never intended to be washed. Some of the patterns are alternate stripes of dove and rose, or of Sèvres blue and grey, and these have the three front breadths covered with diagonal bouillonnés, and the demi train bordered with a plaiting folded so that the deeper colour comes to the top of every plait. The upper of the skirt is *en pouf*, and the basque is plaited, back and front. Pale green and mauve muslins are trimmed with bands and edgings of English embroidery.

Black silk dresses are made with basque bodice, long apron, and skirt trimmed with marguerite plaitings. These plaitings are cut straight across the silk, hemmed on the lower edge by hand, and turned in at the top. The deep apron reaches almost to the toe; it is rounded upwards to the tournure, where it meets and fastens with long wide loops and sash ends. This apron is edged either with jet fringe or with jetted lace, and is often composed of alternate stripes of guipure insertion or jet galoon with silk.

TOILETTES AT HURLINGHAM.

The *Queen* thus describes the toilettes at the recent aristocratic polo *fête* at Hurlingham: The toilettes were very beautiful, and nearly all present appeared to have donned new dresses. There were a few light-coloured muslins and white ones; but the majority were long trailing silks, richly trimmed. Among many pretty ones, we include a white silk tunic and bodice, trimmed with muslin and Valenciennes lace, and worn over a white muslin flounced skirt, edged with lace; a long light blue silk trimmed with flounces à l'Impératrice, viz., plaited in tiny plaits, all going one way, and not fastened down; over this was a tunic and sleeveless jacket of white bugled tulle, the tunic being long in front and round at the back; with this a round chip bonnet and blue feather were worn. A rich black silk; over it a polonaise of black lace, worked with blue jet. A light blue silk, made with a front breadth of écru grenadine, gathered perpendicularly at each side; bows went down the centre of the front, and frillings of the grenadine, intermingled with silk ones, at the side, the back being elaborately trimmed *en suite*, and a sleeveless écru jacket worn with it, the bonnet having the same mixture. There were several dresses of "fraise ecrasé." trimmed with a lighter shade. Among these we noticed one of foulard, made with alternate flounces, Henri II. sleeves, a basqued bodice, having a large loop and bow at the back of the waist. Very little tournure was worn with this.

Many of the bonnets had a double row of roses under the brim on one side only; velvet skirts were much in favour; with one of these, having a gathered flounce at the edge, a polonaise of écru figured washing silk was worn, much tied back. Brown and leather colour were also in fashion; one dress of this description had a brown silk skirt, an écru tunic, trimmed with brown, forming three poufs at the back, with brown and écru ends to each. Everything seemed to be worn that was costly. With white muslins one or two young ladies had scarves simply crossed back and front; and one lady over a black silk had a white silk kerchief spotted with black, knotted at the back, coming over the shoulders, crossing in front, and the ends fastened to the waist. Many of the bodices were made with the so-called violin backs, viz., having a strip of a contrasting shade inserted between the shoulders, wide at the neck and small at the waist; this seemed to be the greatest novelty.

TOILETTES AT STAFFORD HOUSE.

The Duchess of Sutherland had a dance recently at Stafford House, when her grace was honoured by the presence of Royalty. The toilettes were of remarkable beauty. Embroidery was very general, and certainly nothing can be more beautiful, though its great cost places it beyond the reach of many; it can hardly, therefore, become common. A lovely rose de thé dress was embroidered with a narrow border of daisies with some feathery grass; the border went round the train, and separated the longitudinal puffings of the tablier. Diamond Marguérites were worn in the hair, with rose de thé feathers. A bouton d'or silk was embroidered with white rosebuds and shaded autumnal leaves; but in this instance the trimming only went round the train, the tablier being covered with narrow flounces, alternately of silk and of black lace; diamonds and rubies were the ornaments worn. The young ladies were principally in white, with a profusion of flowers. These were generally worn in long garlands, either edging the tunic tablier or else thrown carelessly across the front of the skirt. One fair girl had a lovely garland of blush rosebuds and ferns; a smaller garland formed the berthe. A black tulle looked well with a garland of silver coral and silver fringe, in imitation of sea weed, caught up with water lillies with silver leaves; pearls were twisted in the hair. Two sisters wore mauve tulle, made véry prettily, with skirt over skirt, looking like clouds, and with garlands of white lilac and green leaves. A brown tulle had yellow roses without leaves, and a yellow dress had large bouquets of variegated carnations. All looked fresh, as if put on for the first time. The display of diamonds was magnificent. All the rooms were decorated with a profusion of flowers, roses predominating; and the supper was of the most *récherché* description, that for the Royal guests being served separately.

CUISINE.

Consommé à la Royale: Mix the yolks of six eggs with rather less than a gill of cold water and a pinch of salt; strain the mixture, and divide it into three equal parts; colour one with some cochineal, the other with spinach greening, and leave the third plain. Put them into three small plain moulds, previously buttered, and set these in a pan of hot water, which you place on the fire to boil just long enough to set the mixture. When the water in the saucepan has become quite cold turn out the contents of each mould on to a wet napkin, and you will have three small cakes of firm custard, respectively green, red, and yellow. Cut them into small dice, and, handling them in the gentlest possible manner, spread them out on a plate to be kept till wanted. At the time of serving put a clear and well-flavoured consommé into the soup tureen; slip in carefully the custard dice, and serve at once.

Red Mullets in Papers: Cut one carrot and two onions into thin slices; add thyme, parsley, and marjoram, with pepper and salt to taste, and three tablespoonfuls of salad oil; mix these well together, cover each mullet with the mixture, and roll up in a piece of white paper, previously oiled; bake them in a moderate oven half an hour, then carefully open the paper, place the fish neatly on a dish, ready to be served, and keep it warm. Melt a small piece of butter, add a a large pinch of flour, half a tumblerful of good stock, and the vegetables, &c., the fish were cooked in. Let the sauce boil five minutes, add salt if wanted; strain, skim, pour it over the fish, and serve.

Flower and Kitchen Garden.

FLOWER GARDEN.

Where the planting out of bedding plants is quite finished, which will generally now be the case, little will require to be done for some time except attending to routine operations, such as mowing, cleaning, and the staking and tying up the various sorts of plants which require that attention, and the pegging down of verbenas, petunias, and plants of similar growth. Copious waterings should, for some time to come, be given to the flower beds and borders whenever the state of the weather renders that attention necessary. Regulate the growth of climbing roses, clematises, tropæolums, and other plants trained to pillars, ornamental wire arches, and similar devices; and, wherever the embroidered or carpet style of bedding is attempted, this must have unremitting attention in the way of regulating the different sorts of plants employed, an operation which involves stopping and pinching back throughout the greater part of the season. Carpet bedding, as a rule, should be effected without the aid of flowering plants. It should, in fact, be confined to plants possessing remarkable foliage, and of this class there is a considerable variety suitable for the purpose, hardy as well as tender, such as ajuga, antennaria, echeveria, sempervivum, saxifraga, veronica, sedum, cerastium, cineraria, &c., most of which are indigenous to Britain or the South of Europe, and perfectly hardy; together with the highly-coloured tender species from Brazil and Peru, &c., such as the alternanthera, coleus, iresine, &c.; and lastly, but by no means the least useful, is the golden feather pyrethrum, now so well known and so extensively used for this and other purposes, such as marginal lines to beds and borders. Keep lawns, grass walks, and belts free from plantains, and other broad-leaved plants; and attend to the staking up of all tall-growing herbaceous plants before they become bent or broken down. Deutzias, lilacs, guelder rose, and various other deciduous flowering shrubs, will soon be out of bloom, and may be cut back to any necessary extent; while straggling branches of laurel and other evergreens may now also be cut back. Hedges of holly, privet, and box may now be clipped; and by the constant practice of mowing, sweeping, weeding, and rolling, &c., continue to maintain neatness, and high keeping everywhere, both in the pleasure grounds and flower gardens.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Whenever a crop is done with, manure and dig the land on which it grew, in order to have it in readiness for something else. Nothing impoverishes ground so much, or looks more untidy, than runaway vegetables. In some soils it may be beneficial to dig in the remains of green crops. I have, however, given up the plan, believing it to conduce more to clean culture to have all garden refuse either taken to the pigs or placed out of sight, in a heap, to ferment; decomposition in the latter case being assisted by slight dressings of salt and lime. In this way a very large heap of valuable manure soon accumulates. Peas in windy places are, sometimes, apt to partially escape from the sticks which support them; when this tendency is first noticed, if a strand of rope yarn is run along the rows on the leeside and linked here and there to the sticks, it will turn them back in the right direction, and prevent them from being broken down. Where peas are not already mulched, if they exhibit the last symptoms of distress from heat or drought, mulch immediately with manure, grass, or anything that is available; one good watering will then place them in a position to perfect their crop. Sow turnips to succeed those just up; burnt earth, or ashes from any substance, except coal, has an invigorating influence upon the growth of turnips in dry weather. The red American stone and orange jelly are the best turnips for sowing at this season. Avoid, if possible, the necessity for sowing in freshly-dug land. If the land has been prepared a week or so, the moisture, even in dry weather, will have risen by what is termed capillary attraction, and, by drawing the drills rather deeper than necessary or desirable early in the spring, the seeds may be laid in moist soil, and germination thereby assisted. Continue planting, as opportunity offers and space becomes vacant, such crops as Brussels sprouts and early broccoli; provided the land is in good condition, it can scarcely be too firm for broccoli. Late broccoli may be pricked out to gather strength before being finally planted out. Make a further small sowing of early horn carrots, there is a frequent demand for small young carrots, which it is always best to anticipate. Sow spinach once a fortnight in cool damp-bottomed land that has been deeply worked. Plant scarlet runners in trenches (as recommended for peas) for a late crop. Earth up and stake those now requiring it. Sow dwarf French beans once a fortnight; Windsor or longpod may be planted for a late crop, selecting a cool moist spot, but not under trees. Topping those now in flower will hasten their maturity, and the same remark is equally applicable to peas. Keep a watchful eye upon kitchen garden paths, box edgings, &c., and do not allow weeds to establish themselves nor their seeds to be scattered abroad, to cause double labour in the future. Fire-heat must still be employed in cucumber-houses, and moisture, both at the roots and in the atmosphere, must be supplied in abundance, especially in hot weather. Only shade as much as will prevent severe flagging. —*The Garden.*

Nick-Nacks.

"That man," said a wag, "came to this city forty years ago, purchased a *basket*, and commenced gathering rags. How much do you suppose he is worth now?" We gave it up. "Nothing," he continued, after a pause, "and he owes for the basket."

Paradoxical, but True.—

A carpenter's duty is plane,
A cobbler for food sells his sole;
The barber who ne'er crossed the main
Still passes from poll to poll.

"I am afraid, madam, that pepper is half peas?" said a boarder to his landlady, as he replaced the pepper-box in the castor. The landlady indignantly denied the imputation, and said he didn't know good pepper from poor. "That may be so," replied the boarder, "but I'll prove to you that what I said is true. P-e-p pep, p-e-r per—only six letters in the word, and half of them are p's!"

John Timbs, in his collection of "Thoughts for Times and Seasons," has the following: "There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money." After making all due allowances for dishonesty in money getting, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Timbs.

Dr. Radcliffe had a great objection to paying his bills. A pavier, after long and fruitless attempts to get his accounts settled, caught Dr. R., just getting out of his chariot, at his own door, in Bloomsbury-square, and demanded the liquidation of his debt. "Why, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," said the pavier, "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides." "You dog, you," said Radcliffe, "are you a wit? You must be poor—come in, and you shall be paid."

John Clerk (Lord Eldin) was about as plain-looking a man as could well be imagined. His inattention to dress was proverbial. In walking he had a considerable halt, one of his legs being shorter than the other. Proceeding down the High-street one day, from the Court of Session, he overheard a young lady saying to her companion rather loudly—"There goes Johnnie Clerk, the lame lawyer." Upon which he turned round, and, with his usual face of expression, said—"No, madam; I may be a lame man; but I'm not a lame lawyer!"—*Book of Scottish Anecdote.*

A person with whom Curran was conversing, and who was very precise in his pronunciation, cried out on one of the company, who had just cut down *curiosity* into *curosity*. "Oh," said he in a low voice to Curran, "how that man murders the language!" "Not exactly so bad," was the reply, "he has only knocked an *I* out of it." Once in cross-examining a horse-jockey's servant, he asked him how old his master was. "I never put my hand in his mouth," was the appropriate reply. The laugh of the assembly went against the counsellor, but he soon recovered his ground. "And very wisely you acted, for by all accounts he is a great *bite*."

There was once an old gentleman who had a choice after-dinner story about a gun. He invariably brought the story in if an opening offered in the course of conversation. If no such opening occurred, it was the old gentleman's habit slyly to kick his foot against the table, and thereupon exclaim, "Hallo! was that a gun? No? Dear me, it was very like. Talking about guns reminds me"—and then the story.

Who, having read Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," can forget

Twinkle, twinkle little bat!
How I wonder what you're at,
Up above the world so high,
Like a tea tray in the sky!

and the absurdly comical commingling of impossibilities in

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!
How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!

The *Boston Courier* is of opinion that the sudden and direful fate of Ananias and Sapphira did not cure the world of lying, and doubts whether the people of Jerusalem remembered the sin and the punishment of the mendacious husband and wife more than a week. "The prevalence of lying may be attributed in a great degree to the fact that those who indulge in it have little fear of detection if they lie boldly; and it therefore follows that any device for lessening this impunity would do much to eradicate the troublesome vice." These remarks are pertinent to a means adopted by one Dr. Williams for detecting a liar; he placed his finger on a boy's wrist who was asserting his innocence of an accusation, and said, "Young man, you are lying! You have not uttered one word of truth about this matter! Your pulse is running as high as one hundred and forty, and no person enjoying good health and telling the truth would have as rapid pulsation as that." The boy confessed his guilt.

A talkative man was once babbling in the antechamber of Cardinal Richelieu to such an extent that he was at last entreated to be silent. "I talk a good deal," said he, "but I talk well." "Half of that is true," was the cutting reply. I have heard of a Frenchman, very loquacious himself, who was anxiously, wildly watching for an opportunity, however brief, to interrupt his rival. "If he spits or coughs, he is lost!" murmured the unwilling listener.

A young woman in Lawrence recently lost her husband; between his decease and his funeral she seemed to be quite cheerful, so much so that her absence of grief was remarked. "I know," said she recently to a friend confidentially, "that I ought to have cried a good deal, but to tell the truth, I hadn't a handkerchief that was fit to be seen except one, and that you know I had to keep for the funeral."

An Eccentric Old Lady.—In the "Monthly Obituary" of the *European Magazine* for September, 1814, the following particulars are given regarding an eccentric female personage, then recently deceased: "Lately at Gray's Almshouses, Taunton, Hannah Murton, a maiden lady. She vowed several years ago, that no he fellow should ever touch her, living or dead. In pursuance of this resolution, she purchased a coffin, in which, whenever she felt serious illness, she immediately deposited herself—thus securing the gratification of her peculiar sensibility. The coffin was not, however, exclusively appropriated to the reception of her mortal remains, but served also as her wardrobe, and the depository of her bread and cheese." This narrative of the aged spinster's "peculiar sensibility" is tantalisingly incomplete; one is curious to know whether, after all, she died in her coffin!—*Notes and Queries.*

Among the witty members of the Irish ante-Union bar was Mr. Caldbeck, K.C., a huge soul in a diminutive body; he was about the size of Tom Moore. One day, while engaged in a legal contention with a brother of the bar of more than average height, he pestered him so that he exclaimed, in real or assumed anger, "You little vagabond, if you don't be cautious, I'll put you in my pocket." "Whenever you do," retorted Caldbeck, "you will have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head."

Miss Menie Trotter, of the Morton-hall family, was a great character in her way, and many queer stories are told of her. On one of her friends asking her, not long before her death, how she was, she said, "Very weel—quite weel. But eh, I had a dismal dream last night! a fearfu' dream!" "Ay! I'm sorry for that—what was it?" "Ou! what d'ye think! Of a' places i' the world, I dreamed I was in heeven! And what d'ye think I saw there? Deil ha'et but thoosands upon thoosands, and ten thoosands upon ten thoosands, o' stark naked weans! That wad be a dreadfu' thing! for ye ken I ne'er could bide bairns a' my days!"—*Lord Cockburn.*

There are talkers whom every one rejoices to hear. Macaulay could talk by the hour, with "occasional flashes of silence," and no one grew weary. When he and Sydney Smith met, they both talked with all their might. "Oh, yes, we both talk a great deal," said Sydney, "but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, 'Poor Macaulay, he will be very sorry some day to have missed that.'"

Much has been written for clubs and as much against them. Hood gives the candid views of a neglected wife:

One selfish course the wretches keep;
They come at morning chimes,
To snatch a few short hours of sleep,
Rise, breakfast, read the *Times*."
Then take their hats and post away,
Like clerks or city scrubs,
And no one sees them all the day;
They live, eat, drink, at Clubs.
Alas! for those departed days
Of social wedded life,
When married folks had married ways,
And lived like man and wife!
Oh! wedlock then was picked by none,
As safe a lock as Chubbs!
But couples that should be as one
Are now the Two of Clubs.

A Christening Custom.—There is a custom, strictly Scottish, which used to be connected with the preliminaries of the baptism service, and which may occasionally be found in the present day. A young unmarried woman takes the child to church, and she carries in her hand a slice of bread and cheese, with a pin out of the child's dress, which she is bound to give to the first male person she meets. I heard of an amusing incident resulting from this custom. An English duke had arrived in Glasgow on a Sunday, and was wandering in the streets during the time of afternoon service. A young woman came up to him with a child in her arms, and presented a piece of bread and cheese. In vain he protested that he did not know what she meant—that he had nothing to do with her or her child—that he was an entire stranger—that he had never been in Scotland before—that he knew nothing of the usages of the Presbyterian Kirk, being of the Church of England—and that she should give the "piece" to somebody else. The young woman was deaf to all his arguments, and held out authoritatively the bread and cheese. Thinking probably that the lass had not given him credit for what he said, he told her in perfect simplicity that he was the Duke of ——, and that he had just arrived at a hotel which he named. The answer shut his mouth—"Though you were the king on the throne, sir, ye maun tak that bread and cheese!"—*Hislop's Book of Scottish Anecdote.*

Caught in a Cyclone.

Dr. Drennon, when alone on an island in a lake of the Florida backwoods, was exposed to the fury of a terrible cyclone, which lasted twenty-four hours. “The cyclone,” he said, describing his adventures, “set in with a rising wind from the north and north-west, settling into the latter. Until dark, it had not reached a pitch of unusual violence, and just before that time, though the waves were running high, I ventured again into the water, the blockading alligators having been driven out to sea, so to speak, by the storm. It was the rashest thing ever undertaken. The wind, setting for three hours from the north, had put the whole body of water in motion, and the surface rolled and foamed and dashed in white, chopping, strangling crests. I tossed and bobbed about on the surface, as helpless as a cork. It was more providential than through discreet effort that I was again carried under my friend the black-jack, and I crawled back drenched through and through, and chilled, this time, to the bone. Fortunately, I had succeeded in getting a fire out of a whole box of parlour matches. I collected the fire as well as I could; lighted a huge lightwood—that is, pitch-pine—log, and, backed against an immense live-oak, prepared to make a night of it.

It was the wildest, worst night that fell upon this earth anywhere; and I had chosen the gloomiest, loneliest spot in all the land. For a while the mass of jungle protected the fire, but it soon began to roar and sparkle in the wind. The huge flame was torn to pieces like rags by the storm. The hurricane bellowed and roared, and I could hear the moan and dash of the lake growing more and more metallic in its violence, to a dull, clanking plunge. Yet it was a calm to what followed. I could still see the glimmer of the cottage lamps at Fannistan, across the water, and contrast its comforts in my mind with my own exposed, dangerous situation. It occurred to me then, that if I died in the violence of that night, or was drowned, no one would know it or suspect it. As I heard the lake moan and moan in the surging, like a living thing in trouble, I felt a passionate horror of committing my unknown body to its care. I was full of an earnest human yearning that this poor mortal frame, that had served me faithfully so long, should have benediction, recognition, and rest in consecrated ground. But how to effect it? How to increase the probabilities of its becoming known? At last it occurred to me to tie my watch (which had my name scratched on it) into my watchpocket with a buckskin cord, but so attached to my limbs that it would not be lost while the ligatures of my physical frame held together.

“I need not dwell on that hideous night, or nightmare of confused storm and darkness. Clinging to the slippery bulk of the giant oak, I expected every moment to be blown out of its sheltering arms, or to hear the crash of its jarring trunk. All sense of might or strength or durability was gone. Huge trees of centuries' growth were rent like saplings, and blown into the air; the furious bursts of wind, the sharp, sudden crackle of the thunder, and the dazzling blaze of lightning, confused all thought. I could hear the waves beating and surging with that hollow, metallic clang, like huge sheets of copper banged together, and knew the lake was rising with fearful rapidity. Dense floods of rain were blown and dashed over me like waves of the sea; and I felt or thought I felt the slime of reptiles crawling to higher ground, or into my wretched seat, whenever I put my hands down.

“I cannot say that I slept. I cannot recall any distinct change from one state to the other, and I was always conscious of where I was, and of the driving storm and horror about me.

“The dawn came slowly and heavily, with no cessation of the fierce shock of the contending elements. At times the sphere of the firmament seemed to burst and shiver with the blinding, quivering flash; the solid waves banged and broke upon one another; and the huge oaks groaned and fell under the blast. The mighty waters of rain rolled down with ebb and flow, as if a lake set upright poured its surface down and obscured everything at a few yards' distance. The most terrifying fact visible in all this confusion was the rapid rising of the lake. The black-jack oak, that had received me out of the alligator's jaws, had now its top branches and vines sweeping and tossing in the water. Below me the contracted surface of the island was swimming in pools. The eye could not detect any difference between the level of the lake and the level of the land. In a few hours the island would be entirely submerged, and the rain fell as if the reservoirs of the heavens were inexhaustible. Nothing in that fearful hour kept up my strength, exhausted by fatigue and twenty-four hours' fasting, but the sense of companionship, the assured comfort of that loving, encouraging presence. Though I might take refuge in the trees as the waters rose, yet they were places of difficult or doubtful security. Every hour some forest giant yielded. As the water rose, and sapped the strength of the roots, what probability was there that any one would outstand the storm? Climbing the tall, slippery shaft of the one or two pine-trees that still stood was impossible, and the huge oaks branched low with boughs bending downward. Hour after hour went by, the hurricane still at its height, and I clung to the crotch of the oak, planning and rejecting a dozen impossible modes of escape. As it drew on toward noon the wind abated; the violence of the rain ceased, and I could see, to my surprise and gratification, the cottage at Fannistan still standing. The lull did not last long. I used it in digesting a plan of escape.

“I observed that as the storm renewed its violence the wind was setting from the opposite point of the compass. It had been north-northwest, and now it was south-southeast. From this fact I drew several important conclusions.

“First, that the very centre of the cyclone must have passed over this vicinage. Otherwise there would have been a chopping and changing to various points, as we skirted the circle of the wind. A cyclone is a moving whirlwind of greater or less diameter. The body of the storm has its own general progressive direction, besides carrying within itself the long, circular, gyratory motion of the wind; just as a top moves down a slight incline, while the toy itself is spinning rapidly on its peg. The top, that is, the circle of the wind, crossed us as it moved from east to west. It began north-northwest, and continued so till we were in its centre, when there was a lull of short flurries. The other hemisphere of the wind, the reverse current, caught us in coming back from the south to the north.

“The second consideration, or corollary, was that as the violence of the wind in one direction had lasted from ten p.m. of the 15th, to twelve m. of the 16th, we might expect the same duration of violence, fourteen hours, before the other half had passed over us. This dissipated any doubts as to the practicability of remaining on the hummock. I had to choose between the risk of drowning in an attempt at escape, and the same hazard of drowning if I remained on the island.

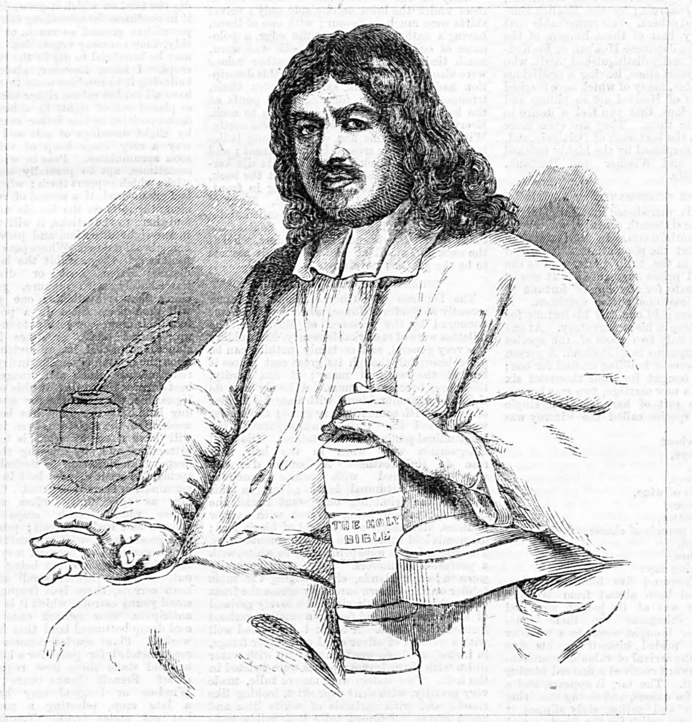
“The lake was certainly an ugly thing to look at. No light craft could possibly live there. I must choose a heavier vessel; something sluggish, inert, steady, that could not be beaten to pieces or tossed about like a skiff, even if that choice was permitted to me. My refuge must be one of the logs or trees that occasionally floated by, or were blown upon the island. I got down into the shallow water and crossed to my point of observation at the black-jack. A little cape jutted out from this end like the blade of an axe. Obliquely across, a similar point on the second hummock reached out into the water. These abutments projected nearly opposite each other, though on different ends of the hummocks, and the current of wind south-southeast, bore directly from one to the other. There was my point of departure.

“Dragging themselves loose from entangling vines and the bottom, as the water arose, lay two trees in the water. The farther end of both was beginning to sway out. When they reached the open current, they would swing violently loose, and rush through the gap or sluice; and I had not much time to choose.

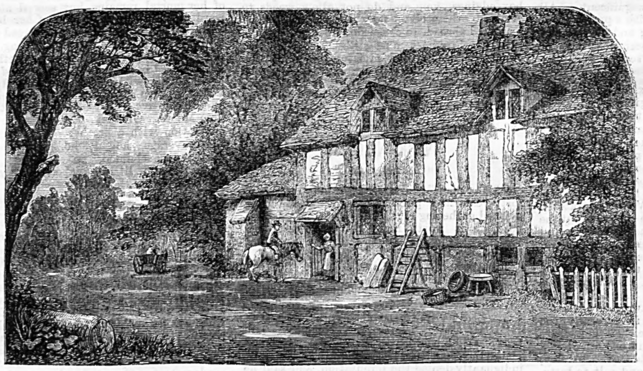
“The outer one, which would soon be free, was the trunk and branches of a huge pine. The fronds were still green upon it, and the limbs unbroken. It had been blown, probably, from the bank on the main-land, and tossed over to this point. Its branches, the fronds that would partially protect, and the huge weight and solidity recommended it. The other tree did not present as safe projections by which I could hold on or bind myself. But I had felled too many pine-trees to put confidence in this one. Often the last chip will fall out before the momentarily balancing trunk will incline to its fall. The weight around the stem of a pine is divided evenly among its branches, so that it is balanced, as I have seen the corky substance of a bit of cornstalk poised on the point of a knife by thrusting two table forks at proper angles and distances into it. In the water there would be no preponderating weight to bear any side of my floating pine down, and keep it steady on an even keel. It would inevitably roll, and in the flood and the storm roll rapidly. It was a theory, but I had to be guided by theory, and I turned to my other raft.

“This was a huge, bare live-oak with the trunk divided into two large limbs. If there had ever been any others, they were broken off. It was in the form of a great Y. At the stump was a root or two that I might hold on by, but it looked precarious. It would not roll, certainly, and that was the main consideration. As I mounted it pickaback, and girded myself to it with my cottonades and suspenders, the pine launched off, dragging my raft loose in the effort, and swam splendidly into the gap. I thought I had missed my calculation, but, as it got free, it shot in, spinning like a whirligig. My barge followed, plunging somewhat, but comparatively steady. Every wave dashed over me. I was frequently strangled and blinded, and had no time to think of anything but clinging to the log. It turned slowly round as it went, for which I was not sorry. How anxious I grew as it neared the cape! I slipped loose my fastenings for a plunge, but it swung round and lay snug and close right against the bank.

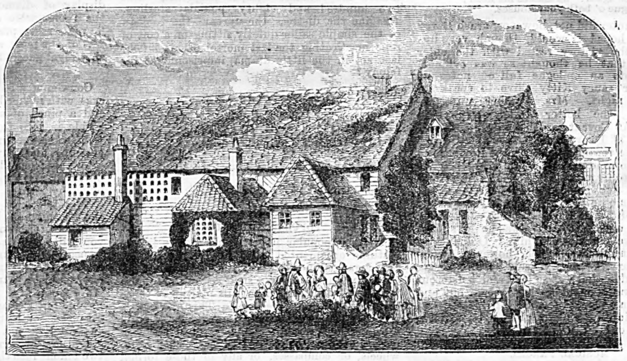
“I had looked forward with some unnecessary apprehension, as it proved, to the passage of the second slue. Fortunately a great heap of logs had drifted in and was lodged. To climb over these to the shallow water on the farther side cost only a few scratches and bruises. In less than twenty minutes after my raft got afloat, I was safe and sound on the main-land, and half an hour later I was sipping hot brandy toddy; and that is the whole story of my perils and escape.”



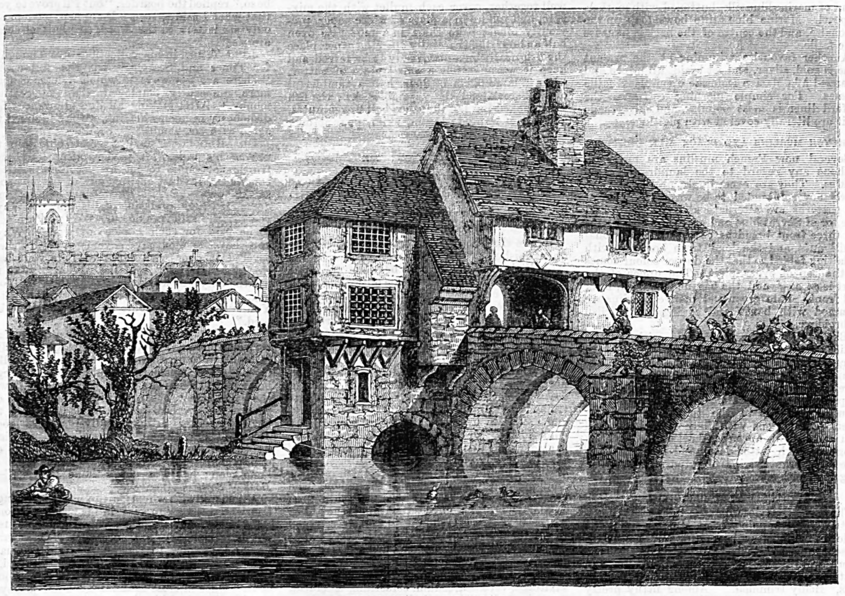
JOHN BUNYAN.



HIS BIRTHPLACE AT ELSTOW.



HIS CHAPEL AT SOUTHWARK.



HIS GAOL IN BEDFORD.

Art in Sienna.

The main strength of Siennese art went, possibly, into the erection of the cathedral, and yet even here the strength is not of the greatest strain. If, however, there are more interesting churches in Italy, there are few more richly and variously picturesque; the comparative meagreness of the architectural idea is overlaid by a marvellous wealth of ingenious detail. Opposite the church—with the dull old archbishop's palace on one side, and a dismantled residence of the late Grand Duke of Tuscany on the other—is an ancient hospital with a big stone bench running all along its front. Here I have sat awhile every morning for a week, like a philosophic convalescent, watching the florid façade of the cathedral glitter against the deep blue sky. It has been lavishly restored of late years, and the fresh white marble of the densely clustered pinnacles and statues and beasts and flowers seems to flash in the sunshine like a mosaic of jewels. There is more of this goldsmith's work in stone than I can remember or describe; it is piled up over three great doors with immense margins of exquisite decorative sculpture—still in the ancient cream-coloured marble—and beneath three sharp pediments embossed with images relieved against red marble and tipped with golden mosaics. It is in the highest degree fantastic and luxuriant, and, on the whole, very lovely. As an affair of colour it prepares you for the interior, which is supremely rich in mellow tones and clustering shadows. The greater part of its surface is wrought in alternate courses of black and white marble, but as the latter has been dimmed by the centuries to a fine mild brown, the place seems all a rich harmony of grave colours. There are no pictures to speak of, but the pavement is covered with certain elaborate designs in black and white mosaic after cartoons by Beccafumi. But the true romance of handiwork at Sienna is to be seen in the superb stalls of the choir, under the coloured light of the great wheel window. Wood carving is an historic specialty of the city, and the best masters of the art during the fifteenth century bestowed their skill on this exquisite enterprise. It is like the frost-work on one's window-panes interpreted in polished oak. I have rarely seen a more vivid and touching embodiment of the peculiar patience of mediæval craftsmanship. Into such artistry as this, the author seems to put more of his personal substance than into any other; he has not only to wrestle with his subject, but with his material. He is richly fortunate when his subject is charming—when his devices, inventions, and fantasies spring lightly to his hand; for in the material itself, when age and use have ripened and polished and darkened it to the richness of ebony and to a greater warmth, there is something surpassingly delectable and venerable. Wander behind the altar at Sienna when the chanting is over and the incense has faded, and look at the stalls of the Barile.—*H. James.*